

FRANK LESLIE'S  
LES SKEWS OF BROADWAY  
NEWSPAPER

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LESSONS FOR THE UNINITIATED—PICKPOCKETS AT WORK ON THE CITY RAILROAD CARS, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 3.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.  
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**Charles Dickens.**

The London papers announce that the author of *Pickwick* is now on his way to this country to give a series of readings from his own popular works. Apart from his wonderful powers as a writer, Mr. Dickens is a most effective and brilliant reader, and the best theatrical critics declare that had he devoted himself to the stage, he would have been one of the most successful actors that ever trod the boards.

In welcoming Mr. Dickens a second time to our country, we do it not so much to the successful novelist, as to the great Reformer and Redresser of those wrongs which, till he did battle against them, were considered as nobody's affair, and as almost part and parcel of the orthodox misgovernment of the world. Whatever his private failings may be, Mr. Dickens has an instinctive hatred of all oppression, and with his natural pugnacity, like the Irishman who whenever he saw a bare head in a fight always hit it with his shillalah, so whenever the author of *Pickwick* seen cruelty or wrong, he attacks it with all his force, and utterly regardless of consequences. We venture to think that the gratitude which mankind owes him for his daring onslaughts and demolition of such glaring abuses as he has utterly exposed and routed, has not been sufficiently considered. It was Charles Dickens who dragged into the light of day those slaughterhouses of youthful hopes, energies, and health, the cheap boarding-schools. Generally speaking, the public was aware that these battles for the young existed, but not till Dickens dashed into their stronghold, and, in the person of Squeers, gibeted one of the semi-mythical monsters who held sway there, did the community realize the infamy of the system.

In "Little Dorrit," Dickens has done more to open the prison-doors to poor debtors than all the public and private denunciation of a century.

Hypocrisy was never more thoroughly set in the pillory than in the person of Pecksniff. The genius of Moliere had created a Tartuffe, but in him this social vice excited amusement, rather than indignation, while in Pecksniff the whole social ramifications are laid bare, and the first steps are taken toward a cure.

Domestic pomposity and frigidity, which inflict so much unhappiness on numerous households, are powerfully delineated and condemned in "Dombey and Son," and the lesson is thrust home with great force and skill.

The hollowness of semi-fashionable society is well depicted in "Our Mutual Friend," but as the *fable* is not of a deep or important nature, its exposure failed to produce the effect excited by that of more serious evils.

Foreshadowed brutality was given up to public vengeance in "Oliver Twist," but if Mr. Dickens should give his readings in Paterson, he would do well to omit all references to Bumble, which a portion of the press of that town would deem personal, if not derogatory to its fame. It would be almost an imprudent as to read Colonel Chollop's exhortations to young Chuzlewit to the citizens of Eden, if any yet survive.

If anything could stir that vain and frivolous thing the fashionable female heart, the exposure of the Mantilini milliner oppression in "Nicholas Nickleby" would surely have worked beneficial results for the overworked and half-starved seamstresses, who suffer their purgatory in this life.

This consideration of Mr. Dickens as a denouncer of abuses precludes us from the tempting theme of speaking of his creations of characters "familiar in our mouths as house-

hold words." We should like to have reminded our readers of much that for thirty years past has moved the world to laughter or to tears. But, besides that this is beyond our scope, we think it is as a moral and social reformer that Charles Dickens will meet with the highest honors in the New World. He will find that the great blot upon our escutcheon has been wiped out at an expense of blood and treasure which shows how terribly in earnest the Anglo-Saxon race is when they think they are battling for the right. As one of that race, the fearless denouncer of so many prevalent wrongs, as Mr. Dickens has been, will always receive a cordial welcome from an American audience.

**Sigler and the Grand Jury.**

The Grand Jury of Bergen County have found six bills of indictment against Sigler, the keeper of the Paterson Almshouse. Such an action was very probable from the time when it became evident that the Committee of Inquiry had determined, in any event, to whitewash Sigler. It was unendurable, however, that such a man should bring his private influence to bear on the members of the committee, and thus secure his acquittal in face of his own admissions, and in defiance of the verdict of the public. It is therefore consoling to the respectable and intelligent among the citizens of Paterson to know that this man will be brought to trial before a court in which he can neither cajole the judge nor overawe the jury. The Paterson *Guardian*, which seems to express the views of the respectable part of that community, asserts "that the attempt to whitewash will result in the fullest disclosures of his (Sigler's) crimes, and those who sustain his infamy ought to suffer the fullest measure of opprobrium."

We are sorry that the Paterson *Press* cannot understand the meaning of our benevolent efforts to show that the good name of Paterson is in no way bound up with that of Sigler, except, indeed, in the extremely improbable case of his being made a pet of the town, and his deeds justified by the people, as if he had acted in their name. We are sure no such distinction awaits him; but that, on the contrary, his misdeeds are viewed with stern reprobation by everybody whose opinion is worth having. And so far Paterson redeems its good name, which never really stood in any jeopardy, except through the misrepresentation of such papers as the *Press*, which claimed to express the voice of a community, while in fact it only uttered the cry of a party. The *Press* ought to know that calling bad names is a very silly and childish way of showing its anger. The public has long ago made up its mind that they alone resort to such warfare who have none of the better weapons of facts and arguments, and we could not have wished for a better illustration of the style and manners of country journalism, as distinguished from those of metropolis, than the column of abuse of this paper which the *Press* inflicted on its readers. We cannot condone to use the weapons the *Press* seems familiar with. The six indictments found against Sigler by the Grand Jury are the best answers as to the facts of the case, which, after all, are all the public really cares about.

**Payment in Coin.**

The repudiation agitation has begun. As we long ago predicted, when other topics of political excitement grew stale, this would come forth, and recommend itself not only by the charm of novelty, but by appealing to that most ignoble of passions, the love of money, and to what somebody once called, "the ignorant impatience of taxation." We should have been well content to have left the odium of the initiation of this agitation to our political opponents. It would only have been natural for Democrats and Copperheads to have inflicted all the damage they could on the Republican party, and if upsetting their financial measures had involved repudiation, no one would have been surprised if they had embraced even that extreme and pernicious doctrine. Unfortunately, however, for the reputation of his party, it is Benjamin F. Butler who first and most notably strikes the key-note of the new political war-cry. No one who knows the character of this daring man, will be surprised at his supporting any dogma which may bring him into popular favor. In saying this, it is, of course, assumed that the popular feeling inclines toward repudiation, and possibly our friends may take us to task for such an assumption. But there is a certain manner, not unknown to aspiring demagogues, of treating public opinion, so that while pretending to follow, they in reality are educating it. They evolve what may be called the latent heat of certain opinions by sophistry and appeals to the baser passions of their fellow-citizens, and then claim that they are only following, when in fact they create and lead. And this is just what the Massachusetts ex-Major-General is doing. He proves that repudiation may be carried out without breaking the letter of the law; and having thus

secured an attentive audience, calmly argues its justice and expediency.

We must do so much justice to the apostle of this new heresy, as to declare our belief that his first postulate is correct, that in fact the National Bonds known as the 5-20's are not legally payable at their maturity in coin. And it is not uninstructive to observe how the organ of the Democratic party, forgetting all it has preached for years past, suddenly turns round and asserts that not to be a fact which Butler, as well as itself, in times past, have maintained to be so. It might almost be suspected that the *World* was preparing a trap for its opponents. After having by gentle contradiction stimulated them to defend their position, it may pretend to be convinced by their arguments, and then deal a crushing blow by showing what fatal consequences to national honor spring from their assumptions.

The *World*, however, is doubly wrong; first, in supposing Butler to be in error in his premises, and then in thinking that his conclusions logically follow from these premises. It would not be difficult to appeal to the original bill authorizing the issue of the 5-20 bonds. It is, in fact, conceded that the bill does not in any part make provision for payment of the principal in coin, but only for the coin payment of the interest. It is supposed that the faith of the Government has been pledged, in some other way, to a coin payment. Thus, under date of 15th October, 1866, we find the following letter, written by Mr. McCulloch, addressed to our Consul-General at Frankfort:

"DEAR SIR—Accept my thanks for your interesting favor of the 9th ult. The circular was calculated to do us harm; but I trust the holders of our securities in Germany have too much confidence in the good faith of the Government to be affected by circulars of any kind. The policy of the Government in regard to its bonds is well understood in this country, and there ought not to be any mistake about it on the other side. The principal of all our bonds, the interest of which is payable in coin, will be paid in coin. Our interest-bearing notes are payable in currency."

"I am, very truly yours,  
H. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

"Hon. William W. Murphy, Consul-General, Frankfort-on-the-Main."

This certainly is explicit enough; and if the opinion of the Secretary were law, or could be of any weight where no law exists, it would be conclusive against the Butler argument.

Again, in November of last year, the following correspondence was published:

"NEW YORK, November 12, 1866.  
"Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:

"DEAR SIR—We have good reason for believing that an impression prevails generally in London, and to some extent in Paris and Germany also, that the United States Government will avail itself of the option of paying the 5-20 bonds of 1862 next year, and that the liquidation will be made in currency. This idea keeps the bonds much below the price at which they would sell, were it understood that the Government regards itself as bound to pay them in gold.

"Should you deem it proper to give an expression of your views as to the kind in which the principal of the bonds is payable, of which we could make use, through our European circular, we have no doubt the opinion would be of much interest to foreign investors in our funds.

"We are, dear sir, your obedient servants,  
(Signed) L. P. MORTON & CO."

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, November 15, 1866.  
"GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 13th is received. I regard, as did also my predecessor, all bonds of the United States as payable in coin.

"The bonds that have matured since the suspension of specie payments have been so paid, and I have no doubt that the same will be true with all others. This being, as I understand it to be, the established policy of the Government, the 5-20 bonds of 1862 will either be called in at the expiration of five years from their date and paid in coin, or be permitted to run until the Government is prepared to pay them in coin."

"I am, very truly yours,  
H. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

"Messrs. L. P. Morton & Co., New York."

It will be observed that the Secretary carefully refrains from saying the law supports his opinions. He merely says, "I regard" and "I understand it to be the policy," whereas the views of any individual can be of little avail against the plain reading of a statute, and as to the policy of Government, that of course is liable to change with circumstances.

In opposition to the views announced in these letters, we can quote Mr. McCulloch against himself. In his Report laid before the last Congress, or the last but one, he drew the attention of the House to what he presumed to have been an omission in the original act in not stating plainly that these bonds were payable, both principal and interest, in gold, and he recommended that a supplementary act should be passed, declaring this to have been the intention of the former bill. When the matter came before the House, it positively refused any legislation in regard to it, and it was, moreover, plainly intimated that the omission complained of by the Secretary of the Treasury was not an accident, but was so designed by the framers of the original bill.

The bonds known as the 10-40's are, by the act, payable principal and interest in coin, but we happen to know that the introduction of the clause making the principal so payable was strenuously opposed by the framers of the bill, and only owing to a simple accident was so presented to the House and carried.

It is very evident that as the 5-20's may be paid in paper currency, it is quite within the power of Congress to authorize the issue of the paper to pay them with, and thus save a large sum of yearly interest which the people are now taxed to pay, while adding five or six hundred millions to the currency of the coun-

try. It is some such plan as this that Butler and his followers would urge upon the country. The ruinous results of such a measure to our national prosperity, and the frightful breach of national honor which it involves, we must consider on another occasion.

The mere agitation of this question by a man in the position of Mr. Butler, with the prospect of its being made a party measure, is quite enough to bring back our bonds from Europe by the ship-load, and thus produce a financial catastrophe of which no one can foresee the end. Perhaps this is what the repudiating party are driving at.

**Fortieth Street.**

The word Quarantine is, of course, very familiar to all our readers. Perhaps few, however, are in the habit of reflecting what the derivation of the word is—what it means, in fact.

It is the Italian *quarantina*—meaning forty, and is applied to the detention of persons or ships outside a certain barrier till all danger of conveying disease to non-infected places has passed; because forty days were considered in the Mediterranean, where the system was invented, a proper period of time for purification. As regards the use of the word among ourselves, this may be a sufficient explanation; and although custom has reduced the number of days once thought essential to the cleansing of vessels coming from places where infectious diseases prevailed, we apply to a comparatively short detention a word originally signifying one much longer. Still, to the inquiring mind, the difficulty is removed only one step further back, and the question still remains how and why forty days happened to be the space of time chosen for performing fumigations and other disagreeable kinds of cleansing, and not thirty, or fifty, or any other term? It is only a sort of evasion to say that some number of days had to be fixed, and forty was as good as any other; but most people will think that something more than mere convenience must have been the reason for selecting this particular number.

If we could get at the root of the matter, it would probably be found that it originated in a superstitious reverence for the number forty; but if we go another step backward, and try to find whence this superstition itself arose, we are lost in a boundless field of conjecture. Biblical readers will be at no loss to supply illustrations of the remarkable recurrence of the number forty. The kings reigned each forty years; the wanderings in the wilderness were forty years; the Passover was observed for forty days; the temptation lasted forty days; forty stripes, save one, was the legal punishment of a Roman citizen, a custom observed in North Carolina till within a recent period. And no doubt the memory of each of our readers will supply additional illustrations all pointing to this number forty as having, for some reason or other, sacred character.

Now, we are far from supposing that our Board of Health have a particle of respect for numbers founded upon any traditional reverence. They are a practical, hard-headed, and some say, hard-hearted set of gentlemen, who are doing their best to extirpate all physical causes of disease from this blessed island of Manhattan. But it is not a little singular that the number of the street below which, according to a late ordinance, the plague of cattle-slaughtering may not exist, is this old sacred friend of ours, this identical number forty. Some of our contemporaries are puzzled to know why this boundary is fixed upon, and we offer them this solution. It is a perpetuation of Quarantine. And it may be some consolation to religious butchers to know that, even if their calling is banished from the populous parts of the city, its limit is fixed in accordance with the traditions of a hallowed number, and in the perpetuation of a system enforced by all the world as a protection against disease.

It is certainly rather hard that men carrying on a business so essential to everybody as killing cattle for the markets should suddenly be obliged to transfer all their work to such a distance as Forty street. We perceive that their petition to be allowed three months to prepare for the change has been disregarded; and if the health of the city were being endangered, we think the immediate enforcement of the order would be very proper. But the city has rarely been more healthy, the heats of summer are passing away, and as the additional expenses the butchers are put to will be merely an excuse for levying on the public an extra one or two cents per pound on our marketing, we cannot but think the time they ask for reorganizing their business ought to be granted. As for the Board being influenced by personal or sordid motives, we do not believe a word of it.

**Handcuffs versus Clubs.**

It is sickening to read day after day of the atrocious use the Police make of their clubs. It seems to be impossible for a bystander to address a word to these (so-called) guardians of the peace in respectful remonstrance against

such needless violence as is habitually inflicted on drunken men, without himself receiving a tremendous cut on the head from the bludgeons these fellows carry. We have yet to hear of the first instance of a policeman being dismissed for cruelty and ill-treatment of citizens, yet cases are daily brought before the public in which in any other civilized community the constable would not only be sternly reprimanded by the magistrate, but would frequently be sent to stand his trial for manslaughter. The fact is that the attempt made by the Mulberry street dignitaries to set the police above the magistracy ought to be instantly suppressed. This would have been done long ago if there were a police justice on the bench worth his salt, or who had independence and force of character enough not to be overawed by Kennedy and his officers. But with such a District Attorney as now disgraces his office, playing into the hands of the Police Commissioners, we can well understand the difficulties the judiciary have to grapple with.

In the name, however, of an outraged public, we submit respectfully to Mr. Kennedy whether there be not a method by which his officers could discharge their duties, could even exceed them if so inclined, and yet the sight of blood-letting, which is so abhorrent to our civilization, be avoided. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred everything that is effected by the use of the clubs could be achieved just as easily and without shocking public sentiment by the use of handcuffs. Does not our Superintendent of Police know that in London the officer's staff is rarely used, and that arrests of the most refractory persons are made quietly and effectually by the aid of these little instruments? We are informed that the proper use of these is made part of the daily drill of the men, and anybody who has witnessed the quiet way in which a London policeman will slip into a crowd and bring out his man handcuffed, and therefore incapable of resistance, will say at once that the application of the "locust," so universal here, is not only brutal, but needless. If an officer, after having secured his man, is fearful of his escape or rescue while on his passage to the station, why does he not handcuff him? We have seen scores of arrests, and heard of a hundred others, where the only means of intimidation was breaking the culprit's head, and it appeared to us and to others that both humanity, the safety of the officer's own person, and the security of the arrested party, would have been perfectly satisfied by merely confining his wrists. We beg Mr. Kennedy to introduce this reform into the force without delay. He may rely upon it that the spirit of a free people will not always submit to these repeated outrages on our citizens by his officers, and when the day of retribution comes, there will be swept away not only all that is odious, but much also that is useful.

#### Chain Gangs.

In "Les Misérables," of Victor Hugo, there is no more striking chapter than that in which he describes a gang of galley-slaves on their way to the hulks. Their horrid cries, their blasphemies, their imprecations, the clanking of their chains, and the cracking of their drivers' whips, form the accessories of a description which no one who reads ever forgets. We think of it as of one of those horrid things that foreigners do, most shocking to humanity, but of which we, in our refinement and civilization, can have no practical knowledge. Yet it requires only a short walk beyond suburbs of Brooklyn, to disabuse of these ideas any believer in the perfection of our social system, by the sight of an American chain-gang. On one of the principal avenues men in chains are put to work on the road. There is no mistaking them, even if their peculiar dress did not attract attention, and the sight of their overseers armed with pistols and whips did not convince a passer-by as to who, or rather, what they are. The press has already uttered a vigorous remonstrance against this degrading and shameful spectacle, but we are assured that in spite of this the practice has not ceased. If there is no law the public can invoke for its protection against so demoralizing an exhibition, it is high time one was passed and enforced.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

The prize ring seems to have recently received a new impetus of development, which the readers of the papers, and this class here in America must include almost everybody, cannot fail to have noticed. Almost every issue for a month or two has contained either a notice with all the details of some recent combat, or else some paragraph calling attention to the whereabouts and condition of some member of the "fancy" who was in training for an approaching "mill."

It would almost seem as though the prize-fight was rapidly becoming the "national amusement," and more than this, that it was becoming one of the surest avenues to political and other distinction. As a nation we are apt to suppose that ability in any one direction implies capacity in every other.

If a man is a successful popular preacher, he is supposed to be capable of writing an interesting novel. Is he a successful general, he is supposed to be of course the most suitable man in the country for the Presi-

dency. Is he a successful lawyer, gaining distinction, not by his learning or his comprehensive views, but by his gift of the gab, his persistence, or his faculty for ubiquity, he is of course selected for a representative or a senator.

But we go even further than this. It is not enough that an opera-singer or an actor should be excellent in their respective professions, but immediately they are popularly supposed to be personal constituents of all the virtues, and we go crazy with enthusiastic admiration of them for qualities which they do not profess to have.

There may not be any very imminent danger that an entire people shall go equally crazy concerning the successful prize-fighters, and yet few of us reflect how wide an interest must be felt in such matters, when, to witness an expected "mill," thousands will undergo the inconvenience of getting up before daylight, traveling miles to the appointed spot, and remaining there hours in momentary fear of being arrested by the police. And yet, during the past summer, the papers must have reported almost fifty cases of this kind where all this inconvenience and danger has been undergone by very large numbers of persons, and this, too, in all sections of the country.

Take any other interest in life: Suppose that there was to be a discussion upon any subject appealing to the personal interest of each of us—such, for example, as the comparative benefits of Free Trade or Protection, our Currency System, Co-operation, the Extinction of Paperism, or any other subject, could an audience of even one hundred persons be found who would gather together in the gray of the morning to hear it, particularly by it so doing they rendered themselves liable to arrest? And yet ten and twenty times this number of persons have been found in various cities, willing and eager to do just this, in order to be present at such brutal exhibitions, as all prize-fights must be.

This fact suggests in what direction the energies of society are turned at present, and may help to account for the utter lack we see all about us of harmonious organization in any of our interests except the destructive ones. Was the same interest felt in the friendly competitions of productive industry—the laborer competing with the same science and skill as the contestants in a prize-fight are, the beneficial result would soon be apparent in the diminution of poverty, squalor, and its inevitable crime.

But it is, perhaps, too much to expect at present that common sense should rule in all the affairs of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Citizens' Association has done a piece of work which should earn for it the thanks of every well-meaning citizen. From the confused mass of figures which form the public reports of the Board of Supervisors, they have had the patience to condense a statement which shows the people how shamefully the public money is squandered upon the useless organization of our stay-at-home militia. During the last eight months about \$200,000 have been spent in ten armories, for upholstery and other fiddle-faddle work of the same kind. Here are some of the items: 220 half-arm chairs of oak, "with extra heavy double-front rounds," costing \$7 each, velvet-upholstered settees, walnut tables, walnut desks, 48 black-walnut chairs, covered with green rep and studded with brass nails, and with carved and gilded backs, costing \$46 each; 36 chairs, at \$8 each; 36 more at \$5.50; 6 settees at \$75 each; walnut musket-racks which cost \$8,000, and lockers which cost \$3,000.

It is evident that to be a citizen soldier is no small matter. If the valor of these fair-weather warriors is not shown against the enemy, their boldness, or rather their "cheek," is shown quite sufficiently in their attacks upon the public purse.

These valiant intruders upon the public credit, as they are organized to stay at home, suppose, of course, that they should have wherewithal to make them comfortable while performing this arduous public duty. Arm-chairs, covered with green rep, studded with brass nails, carved and gilded in the backs, and costing forty-six dollars each, are the fit accoutrements for these carpet knights. Walnut musket-racks at \$8,000, and lockers costing \$3,000, are fit shrines in which to enclose the arms they never expect to use.

But really may not the joke be carried a little too far? Is it worth while to keep up, at such expense, this peace establishment of play soldiers who are utterly worthless for any service except affording amusement to some idle crowds, on the few parade days, when they appear in public? If playing soldier gives these young boys any pleasure, why, let them indulge it to the top of their bent, provided that at the same time they pay the bills out of their own pockets; but at present, "the game is not worth the candle."

To this subject of our militia organization we shall refer again, calling attention to some other abuses which have crept into it, and of which the public is ignorant.

#### Amusements in the City.

The production of "Caste" at the Brooklyn Academy, on the evenings of the 2d, 3d and 4th of September, by Mr. John Lester Wallack, offered what was really a treat to play-goers of the most moral and staid of our suburbs. To analyze "Caste," here, would be a work of waste, full justice—and, in one or, two instances, ample injustice—having been done to it by the critics of the daily press. In this, his latest production, and his masterpiece, Mr. T. W. Robertson has revived the spirit of the English dramatists of the last century. Rejecting all that is sensational, he has given us what is, indeed, a play, in the best sense of the word. His characters are true to the life, each one being so distinct and well-defined as to require a good character actor for its exposition. As rendered by some of the leading members of Wallack's company, the play was brought before the audience in a most favorable light; but on this subject we shall speak more fully after we shall have seen the production of "Caste" at Wallack's Theatre, where, we understand, it is to be the pièce de résistance of the coming season.

After Joan Brougham comes the regular fall season at the Olympic, which, having had a week of rest to get rid of Olympic dust, re-opened on Monday the 9th inst., with that most popular of comedians, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in his famous character of Rip Van Winkle. That the Olympic will have a successful run with Jefferson is a foregone conclusion, but we wish somebody would write a new play for him, with a leading eccentric character to fit his peculiar powers. The arrangements for the fall and winter seasons at the Olympic are as follows: Mr. Hayes holds the position of General manager. Stage manager, Mr. G. L. Fox; Manager in front of the house, Mr. C. W. Taylour.

The Ristori opening at the French Theatre, announced for the 16th of September, has been postponed to Wednesday, the 18th. Mrs. Landre's engagement at this house terminated on Saturday, September 7th. Mr. Pugh, the enterprising manager of the theatre during Mrs. Landre's occupancy of it, deserves credit for a novel idea—that of running free omnibuses from the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street to the theatre, during the evening. Should this example be followed, theatrical managers will come, in time, to establish lines of omnibusmen of their own.

Mr. G. L. Fox's penultimate session at Barnum's

closed on Saturday, September 7th, to be succeeded by other novelties.

The new arrangements at the Fifth Avenue Opera House have already secured popular favor. A clever burlesque of "Cinderella," with Mrs. Sedley Brown and Mr. Leffingwell in the cast, was produced there last week. Variety is the principle acted on at this house, which, so far, has achieved a decided success.

Great activity prevails among the minor places of amusement. One of the foremost among these is Cotton & Sharpey's Theatre Comique, in Broadway, where farce, and song, and ballet, and burlesque, are varied with gymnastic performances of a very high order, offering, in all, something to please every taste.

Tony Pastor, in the Bowery, has a tremendous patriotic spectacular piece, called "Bunker Hill."

Leon & Kelly draw crowds nightly to witness the extravaganzas at their neat little theatre; and, in fact, the town was never supplied, at this season of the year, with piquant and varied amusement, than it is at present.

Max Maretz and Italian Opera on Monday, September 2d, at the Academy, and to this we shall pay attention in our next.

#### ART GOSSIP.

Mr. Leutze has lately placed on exhibition, at Knoedler's Art Gallery, his fine picture of "Elaine," to which we referred some time since while it was yet upon the easel. This very touching subject has been treated by the artist with a sobriety and depth of sentiment truly characteristic of the school to which he belongs, and of which he is certainly the leading exponent on this side of the Atlantic. The drifting of the quaint old dragon-boat by the gloomy shore, with a glimpse of the sun-touched city in the distance, is, in itself, suggestive of death and sadness. The strange old man, who squats in the stern of the boat and guides it with his paddle, seems like something of another world than this matter-of-fact one. Forward in the boat there is a bier, on which lies the corpse of Elaine, crowned, with a lily held in one lifeless hand, while the other rests upon the letter lying on her bosom. Her shoulders are partly shrouded by the great masses of her golden hair, which seem to blend and mingle with the rich cloth of gold by which the lower portion of the figure is covered. The face of Elaine, as type of beauty, does not appear to us to be happily conceived. There is beauty in it, indeed, but of a type too fleshly and material to reach our ideal of the character. The river winds between high rocky banks, the trees growing upon which are twisted and gnarled into ghastly forms; and the artist has achieved a passage of true poetry in his rendering of the light mists that lift from the river, the volumes of which are wreathed into forms, dimly suggestive of an escort of good spirits. There is excellent color throughout the picture, which is, perhaps, the best one exhibited by Mr. Leutze for several years.

While looking in at Knoedler's, we were attracted by several new pictures, which have lately been added to his gallery. Among these there is a remarkably fine example of Desgoffe, a painter who holds the highest position among the modern depctors of still life. It is a small cabinet picture, representing a crimson-flowered geranium in an agate vase. Some daisies lie upon the table, and a dandelion in the "fluffy" stage of that familiar plant. The painting of all these is exquisite indeed. One can readily fancy scattering the dandelion to the winds with a single breath, and it takes but a little stretch of imagination to conjure up the peculiar odor of the geranium. Connoisseurs will also be in rapture with the rich brocade, the texture of which is given with marvellous skill.

Mr. Knoedler will shortly have a number of new and interesting European pictures on exhibition.

#### Pickpockets at Work on the City Railroad Cars.

A TASTE for danger and exciting adventure does not now require its possessor to seek for its gratification in the wilds of Africa, or through the wildernesses of our Western border. It can be much more simply and easily indulged here in New York City. All that is necessary is to take passage upon any of the lines of street railroads running up the middle of the island. For a trip of this kind there is not needed any extensive and expensive preparation of supplies; all that the seeker of adventures will require are a watch and chain, a diamond pin, if he is so inclined, and a good suit of clothes.

Our illustration shows an adventure of this kind, in which the principal actor is evidently an astonished and unwilling victim. The mode of procedure among the savage tribes who wander along these lines of road is simple but efficacious, like most of the processes of such semi-barbarians. They hunt always in squads, for they are a cowardly set, and are emboldened only by numbers. They prey upon the watches, pocket-books, jewelry, and other personal effects of those whom they meet in their wanderings. Take for example the instance of the gentleman whose adventure with them we have illustrated. He is a quiet man of business, whose office is in the lower part of the city, so that to reach his house he uses a convenient line of cars. Having arrived at the cross street in which he lives, he motions the conductor to stop the car, and hastens to get off. The conductor most probably takes no notice of his request, and finding himself being carried beyond the place he wished to get off at, he is in a greater hurry to get out. Hastening to the platform, he finds it occupied by a group of four or five persons, who show no disposition to give place, and who are so arranged that it is impossible to pass them without pushing his way through.

Proceeding to do this, while perhaps asking them politely to make way, he presses against a man who stands with his back toward him, and who, apparently angered by being touched, turns partly round, and asking savagely with an oath what he means, at the same time thrusts his elbow violently into his side, while at the same time another man, on the other side of him, pushes him in the opposite direction. Astonished and bewildered for a moment at such coarse violence, his first impulse is to get out of such rude company, and he steps quickly to the street, while the car passes rapidly on its course. That moment of bewilderment was enough. The thieves clustering round him have robbed him of every available article of value. While one on each side push him, another in front takes his breast-pin, and a confederate from behind passes his hand round and captures his watch; his pocket-book too, will be gone, if he carried it in any exposed position, and if he is a wise man he will try to bear his loss with equanimity, for if he attempts to get any redress, his life will be rendered wretched by the delays and obstacles he will find placed in his way. Let him, therefore, conclude at once to look upon his loss as a forced loan, collected for the support of that ruling class of the community, who toll not neither do they spin, but who are none the less obliged to live sumptuously, and in whose interest our municipal organization appears to be principally designed.

#### EPISTOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

The President has issued a proclamation which is apparently intended for the amusement of the country, since it is impossible to see that he expected it to subserve any other purpose. Its principal burden is his adherence to the Constitution, which is urged in such a way as to suggest the old adage about a guilty conscience.

It is reported that the entire crop of Sea Island cotton will probably be destroyed by the caterpillar; but such reports are always made, and it is best not to rely too implicitly upon them.

The Constitutional Convention continues its sittings and its debates. Those last would seem better calculated to show the almost total want of any conception that there is a science of government, on the part of the delegates, than anything else. The error common to them is, that it is their business to make laws instead of discovering what are the natural laws upon which all human legislation must be based, in order to make it at once efficient and exact.

The nine city railroads of Brooklyn carried last year almost 28,000,000 of passengers, being almost double the number they did five years ago, in 1862, and are now in trouble concerning the terminus at the Fulton ferry. The pier is used by some coal-dealers, who think that their private basin should stand in the way of the convenience of the large public who use the roads.

No, notwithstanding the contract has been awarded for the construction of a wet basin and baric offices adjacent to the Battery, it is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury has determined not to commence the work immediately, the amount appropriated by the last Congress being inadequate. It is reported that he will make a further appropriation, and, at the same time, recommend other improvements. If his suggestions are favorably entertained he will go on with his proposed improvements simultaneously with the wet basin. The gentlemen who have these improvements in charge, in this city, seem to fear that they may be strongly opposed, if not defeated, by capitalists who are interested in steamship lines, who do not want to see the passengers that arrive from all parts, transferred from the vessels in the bay, as soon as they arrive, to the United States Office building, to be erected close to the wet basin. This improvement is one which the public take a great interest in, as it will prove of decided convenience to travelers. It is only those whom it may injure slightly in a pecuniary sense, or who have ulterior motives, that they are not willing to make manifest, who oppose it. The contractors, it is understood, are anxious to go on with the work, but the hitch at Washington, it seems, has upset their plans.

The following sentence from General Sickles's letter to General Grant, are worthy of careful consideration by every one interested in the process of Reconstruction: "I have great satisfaction in reporting that the present condition of affairs in the Carolinas is one of peace and order; of general security to persons and property; of gradual restoration in material welfare; of increased comforts and prosperity; industry; have lifted the people of my district from that deep gloom, distress, and I may well say despair, in which I met them when placed here in command. It is because of this improved condition of affairs that the execution of the recent measures of Congress, as designed for the future government of these States, is proceeding in all respects most satisfactorily. The people of the Carolinas are at this moment accomplishing the first of the two great tests which are presented to them—registration and election—without the slightest show of violence or tumult. A spectacle is daily presented at the different precincts, of men of different estates, and of all classes, placing their names on the registry of voters without strife or disorder; but that a short time since would have been considered as involving inevitable conflict and bloodshed. And if existing orders and regulations remain in force, there are no sufficient grounds to apprehend any serious interruption of the tranquility, security, and order which have happily been maintained. And this has been done, as it could only have been done, by the exercise of military authority. The lesson to be taught was hard; it could only be learned successfully from military power. And now the great problem is fast approaching its solution. In a few short months or weeks the requirements of Congress will have been met; the vote will have been cast; the Convention will have met; its results announced; and constitutions for these States will have been made in pursuance of the conditions imposed by Congress. At no time more than the present has the military authority of the Government been more necessary to secure the peaceful consummation of the great and patriotic work of Reconstruction. Yet at this very time an issue is made which introduces widespread confusion as to the rightful character and the lawful extent of military authority."

##### Foreign.

The English Government has expressed a willingness to submit the Alabama claims to arbitration, provided the English claims against this country are decided at the same time. This is something of an advance from their position before the close of the war, and probably in time, they will arrive at a conclusion upon the matter somewhat as we do.

The rumor that the Chinese Government has determined to have European science taught in its schools, is now shown to be the truth. Five professors have been appointed, and \$25,000 appropriated as a basis of an astronomical library, and other funds provided for founding a scientific library. To one of the Governors, who objected to the Emperor's proposition that the study of European science should be introduced in the Chinese schools, on the ground that it was unnecessary, it was answered that he could continue the Chinese system, and the test of the comparative merits of the two systems would be made by trying, after a time, which system produced scholars most able to build a steamboat and a railroad.

A great excitement at the Paris Exposition was the burglar test of the safes made by Herring and an English maker named Chatwood. A safe from each of the makers was submitted to three men selected by the rival maker, and the test was the production of a block of wood which had been locked in each of the safes. Chatwood's safe was opened by Herring's men in three hours and fourteen minutes; while it took Chatwood's men four hours and fourteen minutes to open Herring's safe, thus giving the victory to the American safe by one hour.

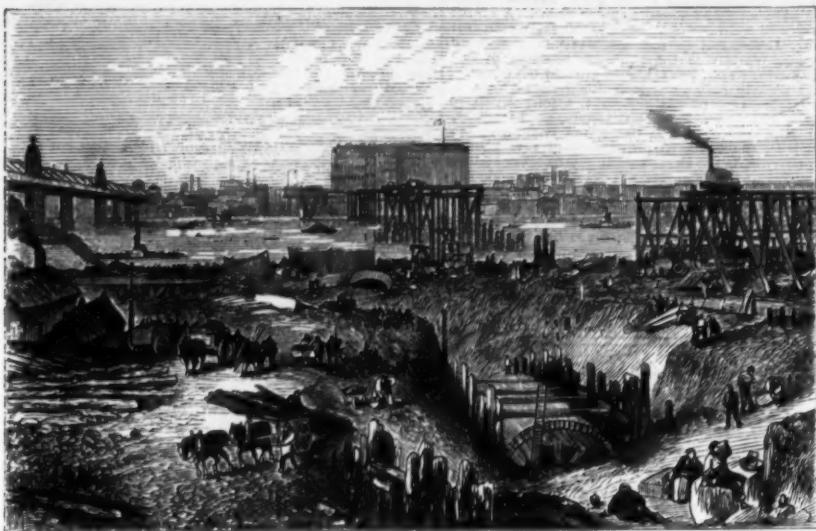
Advices from Admiral Farragut detail the honors and enthusiasm with which the fleet under his command was received in Cronstadt.

Conjecture is rife concerning what may be the intentions of Garibaldi. He can not make a short trip to the Peninsula without exciting the attention of all the European correspondents, and giving rise to an infinity of conjectures. Meanwhile he himself keeps perfectly silent and doubtless when the time comes, will announce his determination in deeds, which have always been his favorite mode of speaking his mind.

The cholera is said to be raging about Rome. Its first display caused the precipitate retreat of the gathering for the ceremony of canonization. The sensation dispatches tell terrible stories of its ravages among the temporal and spiritual great people gathered there, but such accounts are probably exaggerated. It seems, however, to be certain, that four doctors have been imprisoned for urging preventive measures, and that nothing is done by the Government to stay its ravages, the church being even in this case of life and death, firm to its principles of setting its face strictly against the scientific, or positive tendency of modern times.

English mineral statistics for 1866 have been published, and show that last year were produced 101,820,000 tons of coal, or 3,500,000 more than the year before; 4,530,000 tons of iron, of which more than a fifth was exported; 15,000 tons of tin, or a reduction of about 600 tons; 180,300 tons of copper; 67,181 tons of lead, and 725,566 ounces of silver. The total value of all the mineral raised was about \$41,712,000, or considerably less than that of the harvest

## The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.

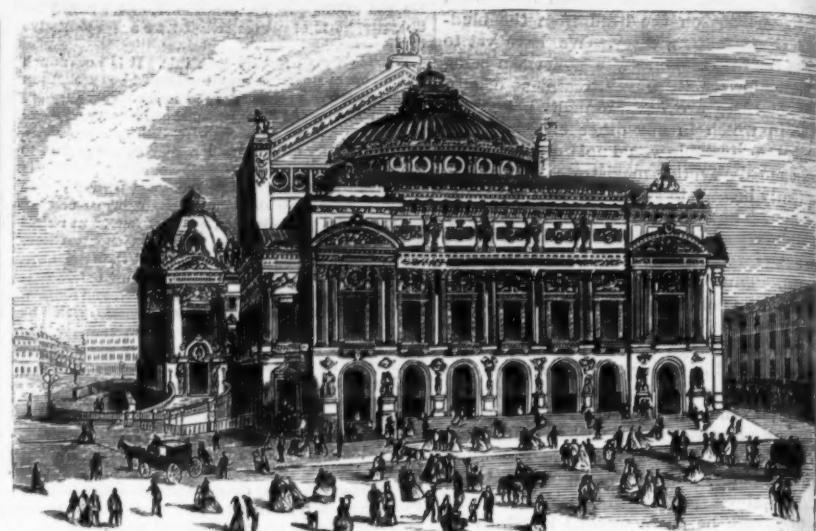


THE WORKS AT WHITEHALL ON THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY, FROM CHARING CROSS TO WATERLOO STATION, LONDON.

**The Works at Whitehall on the Pneumatic Railway from Charing Cross to Waterloo Station, London.**

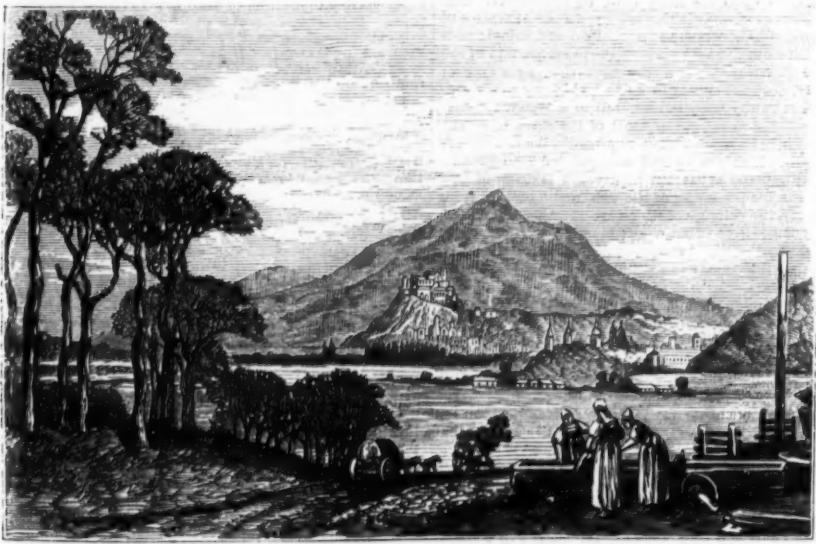
Our illustration shows the work being done for the

is wholly within a tube or covered way (through which it is rapidly propelled by the pressure of the air behind it), so that not only are all the difficulties attending the continuous valve and the consequent leakage avoided,



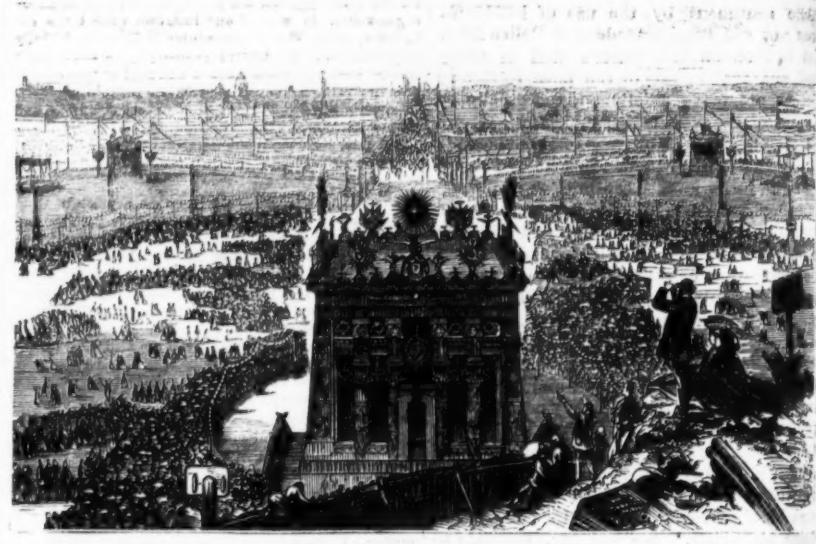
THE PRINCIPAL FRONT OF THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE, IN PARIS, UNCOVERED ON THE FETE DAY OF THE EMPEROR.

and sixty ounces per square inch to propel the train, ful working of the lines of the Pneumatic Dispatch under the new, a pressure of three ounces or four Company and of the trial passenger railway at the Crystal Palace has proved to be of practical utility, it is now



**SALZBURG, AUSTRIA—THE PLACE OF INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN EMPERORS.**

Waterloo and Whitehall Railway (from Waterloo Station to Charing Cross), to be worked on a new pneumatic system; but the advantage of working with greatly reduced pressures and with proportionate economy is obtained.



MEXICAN TEMPLE AND PUBLIC GAMES IN THE PLACE OF THE ROI DE ROME, PARIS, ON THE FETE DAY OF THE EMPEROR.

its present form the pneumatic system is simply an adaptation of the process of sailing to railways, the wind proposed to apply to the conveyance of the internal traffic of the metropolis, where it will be ad-



THE TURKISH CAVE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

tic principle, which differs materially from the former Thus, while the old system necessitated a pressure of atmospheric system. Under the new system the train



SNOW-SHOE RACE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

being produced by steam power and confined within the limits of a tube. This system, which the success-



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL TO PRINCE NAPOLEON AT THE PALACE ROYAL, PARIS.

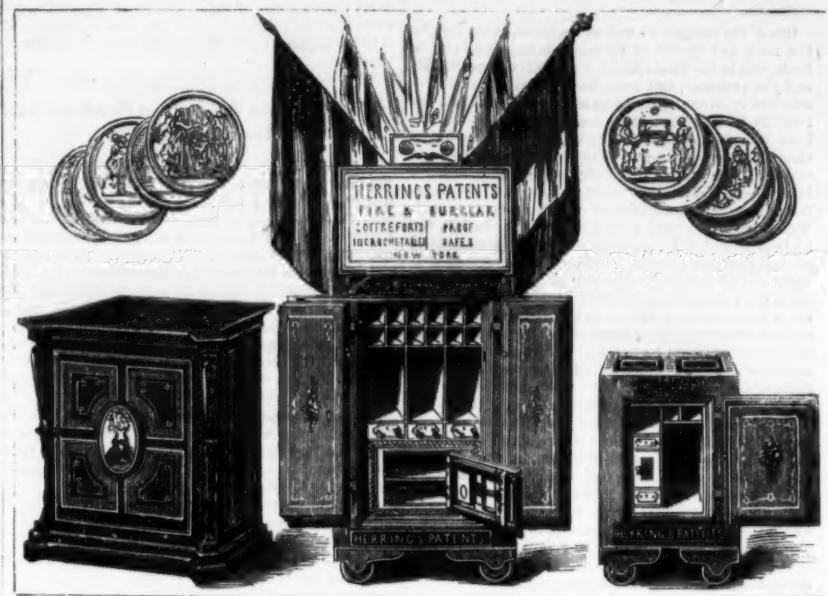


FAC-SIMILE IN MINIATURE OF THE CATACOMBS AT ROME AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

## American Exhibitors at the Paris Exposition to whom First Prizes have been Awarded.



DURYEA'S GREEN CORN STARCH COMPANY.—SEE PAGE 6.



HERRING'S PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.—SEE PAGE 6.

the pneumatic tube being smaller than the ordinary railway tunnel, the lines will occasion less interference with property and displacement of dwellings, and be constructed more expeditiously, and at far less

be as commodious, as well lighted, and as completely fitted for the comfort of the passengers as those of the Underground Railway. The total length of the line will be about five-eighths of a mile, one

thousand feet of which will consist of iron tubes laid in the trough dredged out of the bed of the river. This trough will be of such a depth as to be completely beneath the bottom of the stream, and the

railway will in consequence in no way interfere with the navigation of the river. The tubes, in four divisions of two hundred and fifty feet each, will be cased within and without with brickwork, and will be joined to-



FREDERICK GLEASON, ESQ., PUBLISHER, OF BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 6.

easy, while being noiseless and free from vibration in operation, they may be introduced where a locomotive line would not be tolerated. Secondly, the dead weight of the locomotive being got rid of, the service will be more prompt, and therefore better suited for the working of a short local traffic, while, however, frequent the dispatches, there is no danger of collision, since two trains can never meet within the tube. Thirdly, steep inclines and sharp curves are readily and safely worked on the pneumatic system. The line at Sydenham was purposely constructed with an incline of one in fifteen, and with curves of eight chains radius, and was traversed with ease and regularity. Fourthly, from the absence of smoke, steam, and other objectionable accompaniments of the locomotive, and the complete ventilation of the tunnel by the continuous draught of air through it, the working is attended with perfect comfort to the passengers. Lastly, the working expenses and the cost of maintenance are less, the power being stationary; and the wear and tear of rolling stock and way reduced to a minimum. The proposed line will commence at an open station to be formed in Great Scotland-yard, and be carried in brickwork under the Thames Embankment to the river, through and across which it will be continued in a watertight iron tube encased in cement, and laid and fixed in a channel dredged out of the bed of the river. From the river the line will be continued in brickwork under College street and Vine street, to a station convenient for the traffic of the York road and the Waterloo terminus of the South-Western Railway. The steepest gradient will be one in thirty. The entire line will pass under streets and open spaces, and its construction will not involve the demolition of a single dwelling-house. The trains will be worked to and fro by pressure and exhaustion alternately, and at intervals of from three to four minutes from each end, a frequency of dispatch hitherto unattempted. The carriages will

MONUMENT IN MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD., ERECTED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.—FROM A PHOT. BY R. E. M' MURRAY.

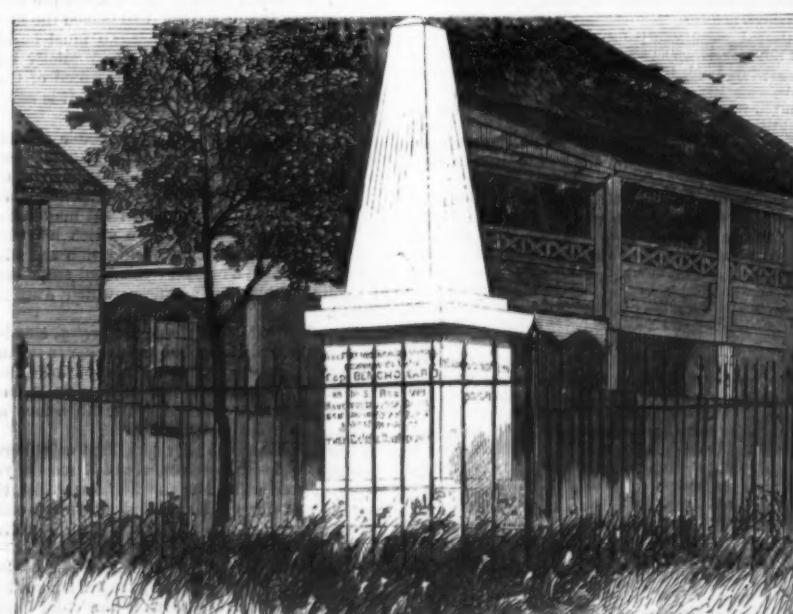
gather in watertight bulkheads, resting on piers erected for the purpose. There will be three of these piers: one in the centre of the river and one about equidistant from that point and the shore on each side. The internal diameter of the iron tubes is thirteen feet ten inches, or when lined with brick, twelve feet nine inches. Externally, brick-coating included, they will measure about sixteen feet.

**View of Salzburg, Austria, the Place of Interview between the French and Austrian Emperors.**

Salzburg is a city of Austria, about 150 miles from Vienna, upon the river Salz, and was the scene of the recent meeting of the Emperors of France and Austria. Many of the houses of the city are built of marble, but the streets are narrow and not very attractive. The city is very old, dating from the Roman times, and after passing through many vicissitudes, was finally, in 1814, ceded to Austria. Mozart, who was born in a small house in this city, near the bridge, wrote once to Sir Humphrey Davy, "He who has not seen Salzburg has seen nothing, and if it is impossible to visit Naples, at least a visit should be made to Salzburg." Though this praise may be excessive, yet still the town is a very attractive one to the tourist.

**The Turkish Café, in the Great Exposition at Paris,**

Our illustration of the Turkish Café at the Great Exposition, is another of the series representing the cafés and restaurants of all nations, which are to be found at this varied show. Perhaps as attractive and instructive a feature of the Exposition as any other is this series, showing the varied styles of living, and the variety of food used by various nations. If the visitor's appetite could suffice, he might, in the course of a day, test the modes of living which are in vogue through the whole inhabited portions of the globe.



MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF NORTH POINT, MD., BY THE FIRST MECHANICAL VOLUNTEERS, MD.—FROM A PHOT. BY R. E. M' MURRAY.—SEE PAGE 6.

**Visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, Paris.**

One of the earliest, as well as the latest, visits paid by the King and Queen of Portugal during their stay in Paris, was to the Palais Royal, where the sisters Clotilde and Paix, probably, had such confidence to compare—as ladies in all stations may be supposed to make matter for conversation when their meetings are few and far between. Our illustration represents the meeting of these distinguished relatives in the reception-room of the Palais Royal—a dreadfully ornamental, flowery, heavy, carved and gilded apartment, with all the worst features of the old palace of which it forms a part. Who ever pays a visit to this old palace? In fact, nobody is admitted to view its meretricious splendor, almost the sole remaining relic of the abominable régime of the Regent Duke of Orleans, who made the place the scene of those wild and vicious orgies, carried on in the society of those whom his scandalized German mother called *vertueuses compagnie*. To visit the rooms and corridors would be to revive recollections of those memoirs left by St. Simon and of the times when a later Duke of Orleans (Philip Egalité) was compelled to pay his debts, and to that end let the gardens of the palace for a bazaar. It was during the residence of his son, Louis Philippe, that the palace was repaired and "embellished," the façade and entrance in the Rue St. Honoré being completed, and the great glass-roofed gallery erected; but Louis Philippe crossed over to the Tuilleries, and in 1848 came the revolution, during which the Palais Royal was sacked by the mob, to be again repaired and beautified by Prince Jerome, whose son now inherits the magnificent furniture and all the decorations of the overloaded apartments.

**The Principal Front of the New Grand Opera-House in Paris, Uncovered on the Fête-Day of the Emperor.**

The 18th of August, which is the birthday of the French Emperor, is made a public holiday, and the city of Paris provides amusements for the people. We give in this series of this issue another illustration showing the illumination provided on the last recurrence of this occasion. One of the distinctive features on the same occasion was the removing of the screen of scaffolding from the front of the new Opera-house, the principal façade of which, thus exposed to view, is represented in our illustration. This new Opera-house has been building for years, and this façade is very rich both in design and also in the effects of the various colored marbles used in its construction. All the essential parts of the architecture are in white, while the effect of the ornamentation is brightened by the use of colored marbles, bronze and gilt, the effect being described as very harmonious and brilliant.

**Mexican Temple and Public Games in the Place of the Roi de Rome, Paris, on the Fête-Day of the Emperor.**

The principle point chosen for the public amusements of the Emperor's fête-day at Paris, was this year the plain of Trocadero, called the Place of the King of Rome. Our illustration represents the Mexican Temple, which when illuminated in the evening produced a very brilliant show, while the various booths and games which occupied the surrounding space afforded entertainment to many thousands, among whom were many of the visitors to the Exposition.

**Snowshoe Race at the Crystal Palace, London.**

This race formed part of the games and sports at the annual festival of the German Gymnastic Society of London, recently celebrated in the Crystal Palace grounds. After the usual competitions, this new feature, represented in our illustration, was introduced, and delighted the numerous spectators by its novelty and singularity. The race was made over the turf, since of course the season prevented the use of snow.

**Fac-simile in Miniature of the Catacombs of Rome at the Paris Exposition.**

In the park surrounding the Paris Exposition is the structure represented in our illustration. The Catacombs of Rome, as is well known, are of such great extent, that they have not yet been fully explored. This building is intended to present a fac-simile of a portion of them, sufficient in extent to give an idea of the whole, and successfully attains the object proposed.

**Duryea's Glen Cove Starch Company.**

Our illustration represents the trophy which this company exhibited in the Paris Exposition. Indian corn is now, perhaps, the most valuable of our products, not only for home use but for shipment abroad; and if properly put before foreigners, the demand for it must be greatly increased. This, Duryea's Glen Cove Starch Company is doing, by the introduction of their Starches and Maizena, to which the Jurors of the present Exposition awarded the sole *Medaille d' Honneur d' Argent*. The same success attended their exhibition in Hamburg and London, in 1862, where, again, they took the highest and sole medals from their numerous competitors in Corn Starches.

The success of this company's products are well-known in the Western Continent, and it has been interesting to see at their trophy the representatives of nations from all parts of the world examining them, and rejoicing with the exhibitors at their deserved success. The Starches seem to be appreciated in Europe even more than here, since they are at this moment in use in the laundries of the Empress of the French, the Queen of England and the King of Belgium, besides being largely used by the first lacemakers. In spite of the increased price they are obliged to pay, from duties, &c., they find them the cheapest, as they not only do not injure, but positively preserve their goods; also as they are found to be one-third stronger than any European Starches, and besides, in addition to their perfect whiteness, ease in using, polish, etc., justify the report of the Jury of the Exposition, who spoke of them as "superb."

The Maizena, also, has just gone through one of the most rigid trials by the great International Sanitary Commission, who were loth to believe that the Indian corn could be so deliciously prepared, and came out of the trials with such success that it will soon be used in all the armies, navies and hospitals in Europe. In a few minutes, with very trifling cost and trouble, it can be made into scores of dishes for breakfast, lunch, dessert, or supper. The Europeans are daily finding some new uses for it quite unknown in America. In France it is being made into soups; in Germany it is worked in with fruits; in England it is made into delicious cakes and biscuits.

It was one of the articles that gained, in Dr. Evans's collection in the Exposition for Sanitary Uses, the G and Frix, with the other high awards. The medical profession of London, Paris and other cities, with the press, have been eloquent in their commendations of it, the Times, in advising its daily use as a diet, calling it "the

food of the age;" and the *Daily News*, "a real blessing." Among the many encomiums it has received from the Paris journals, the *Moniteur* honors it especially, publishing, even, receipts for its use, and recommending it in the highest terms to the attention of the French people.

**Herring's Patent Burglar and Fire-Proof Safes at the Paris Exposition.**

THE above group of safes, as they appear in the Paris Exposition, have, from recent events, become a decided feature in the great show, and occasioned no little excitement. The group is composed of the ordinary fire-proof or merchant's safe, for counting-room use, to secure books and valuable papers from the ravages of fire; the parlor safe, a perfect French cabinet in appearance, which, being finished in black and gold (like ormolu furniture), is a handsome ornament for the parlor, and a style designed to protect silver-plate, jewelry, valuable papers, &c., both from fire and house-breakers. The central one of the group is a fire-proof merchant's safe, with a small banker's chest or "burglar proof" in the lower part of the interior. This is intended, besides protecting books and papers from fire, to also afford a compartment where money and valuables can find more protection against burglars than a simple fire-proof can give, and is known as Herring's cheapest or third-class banker's safe.

It is this safe which is now not only the centre of the group, but is also the centre of attraction.

Mr. Herring challenged all the exhibitors of safes in the Exposition to a trial of their merits in regard to both fire-proof and burglar-proof quality. The trial, which took place recently, resulted in the complete and signal triumph of the American safe—the Herring's patent still retaining the proud title of the champion safe of the world, being awarded the Prize Medal and 15,000 francs (or \$3,000 in gold) besides, as victor in the recent contest.

**FREDERICK CLEASON.**

IT is now about a quarter of a century, when Mr. Gleason, then quite a young man, first entered the field as a publisher. He was the originator, in a measure, of that class of publication, commonly called "cheap publications," being very successful in this, his next idea, was to publish a weekly literary paper, which he commenced some twenty-three years ago, under the title of *The Flag of Our Union*. This was the first real literary and most successful paper started in the United States. Nothing of the kind was then published either in Boston or New York. Being very successful with this paper, a number of imitations immediately sprung up. He next originated the idea of publishing an illustrated paper, which was entitled *Gleason's Pictorial*; this was the first successful illustrated paper ever published in the United States. Soon after this, the artists of the United States presented Mr. Gleason with a most magnificent service of silver, in token of their esteem for what he had done for the art in this country.

Having realized a handsome fortune, Mr. Gleason, in the spring of 1854, sailed for the second time on a pleasure tour through Europe, and on his return in the autumn, sold his publishing establishment and papers to his assistant, M. M. Ballou, for the sum of \$300,000, which amount Mr. Gleason, however, never obtained entirely. In selling to Ballou, Mr. Gleason bound himself not to publish any papers for fifteen years, but being of a very active mind, and "feeling like a fish out of water," we suppose, also finding that the papers under the management of Mr. Ballou were running down faster than Mr. Gleason had built them up, he proposed to Mr. Ballou to give up all the notes he then held against Ballou, some \$75,000 we believe, for the simple right to enter the publishing business again. To this Mr. Ballou agreed. So in 1858, Mr. Gleason commenced a paper which he called the *Line-of-Battle-Ship*, which title, after a year's publication, he changed to the title of *Gleason's Literary Companion*. This paper he has published very successfully ever since.

**The Monuments Commemorating the Battle of North Point.**

DURING the war of 1812 Gen. Ross, after triumphantly despoiling the Capitol at Washington, turned his attention to the flourishing and wealthy city of Baltimore. Anticipating his design, the Governor had ordered the Militia of the State to hold themselves in readiness, and large bodies were marched to the city for its defense. About 700 Regulars, and several Volunteer Militia Companies from Pennsylvania and Virginia, increased their strength to about 15,000 men. They were commanded by General Samuel Smith, who had distinguished himself in the Revolution by his gallant defense of Fort Mifflin. One division of the army was confined to General Winder, the other to General Stricker. As soon as it was announced that the British were approaching the city, the Militia flocked in from all quarters in such numbers that the services of many were necessarily declined.

On the water side the city was defended by Fort McHenry, garrisoned by 1,000 men, under Major Armstrong; two small batteries were erected on the south side, while the channel was obstructed by a number of sunken vessels. On the 11th of September, 1814, the British fleet, numbering fifty sail, entered the mouth of the Patapsco; and on the 12th a force of 5,000 men was landed at North Point, fourteen miles from Baltimore.

General Stricker was ordered forward with 3,200 men to oppose their progress. He took a position about eight miles from the city, on North Point Road, his right resting on Bear Creek (near the site of the monument), and his left covered by a marsh. The artillery, six four-pounders, was planted in the centre of the road, and a corps of riflemen pushed in advance as skirmishers. The rifles soon fell in with the van of the British, and a sharp skirmish ensued, in which the rifles were forced back; and at the site of the monument the commander-in-chief of the enemy, General Ross, fell mortally wounded by a well-directed shot from two young boys (Wells and McCormick), who had followed the army from Baltimore. The musket which they used was without a lock, and as one aimed it the other exploded the charge by a piece of ignited tinder. Colonel Brooke, the second in command, still continued to advance, and at half-past three the action commenced with the main body by a heavy cannonade. The 51st having imperfectly recovered from the charge, failed to keep its ground, and, having delivered a scattering fire, broke in disorder.

Its retreat threw the second battalion of the 39th into some confusion; but the whole line, undismayed by the desertion of the 51st, maintained its ground with the greatest firmness, pouring in a destructive fire upon the advancing columns of the enemy. The

artillery re-opened with terrible effect upon their left, which was opposed to the 5th, whilst that gallant regiment proudly sustained the laurels it had won at Bladensburg. This close and hot fire was kept up for more than an hour in the face of a foe more than treble their numbers; for the American line, reduced by the desertion of the 51st, and unaided by the 6th Reserves, numbered only 1,400 men. Their volleys were dead, for they fired not only by order but each man at his mark, and the front ranks of the enemy were frequently observed throwing themselves upon the ground to avoid its unerring destruction.

Finding that his force, uncovered on its left flank, was unable to make head against the superior strength of the enemy, and having accomplished the main object of his detachment by the severe check he had given them, General Stricker ordered his line to retire to the position of the 6th, his reserve regiment. This was accomplished in good order; but the fatigued condition of the troops who had been in action, and the exposed position which he occupied, determined the general to fall back still nearer to the city.

The enemy, crippled by the severe contest, did not attempt pursuit; and the brigade, feeling that it had gained the benefits of a victory, assumed its position near the lines.

The American loss was 24 killed, 139 wounded and 50 prisoners—a total of 213. The loss of the enemy was twice as great, and among their killed was their leader, Generals Ross.

The Mechanical Volunteers, erected the monument, of which we give an illustration, to the memory of their brave comrades, who fell fighting for their country.

**What Is To Be Will Be.**

NOW, I ASK, can anything be more clear, self-evident, certain, and beyond cavil, than this proposition? It has consoled me a thousand times when every thing went wrong with me; it has checked all undue elation of mind on the very few occasions when some unexpected strokes of good fortune have tempted me to indulge in exaltation of spirit, and has tended to produce a most enviable and philosophical indifference to all the ups and downs of life—for, if what is to be will be, it is no use worrying for what can't be helped, and what is to be helped will be helped.

Yet I have met with perverse, obstinate, wrong-headed people, who, instead of being charmed, as they ought, with the simple and complete system of practical philosophy contained in these six words, have set themselves resolutely to prove that what is to be cannot, will not, or, at the very least, ought not to be. However, in the end I am always sure to be proved in the right, as whatever happens is always what was to happen, as I triumphantly point out. I am also always willing to concede the point, that it is astonishing what trifling and unexpected circumstances will cause the most important events. Who, for instance, would have supposed that the ardent desire of a specimen of "Young America" suddenly conceived, one sunny March afternoon, to "see the elephant," would have been the moving power that changed the whole current of life of three other individuals of mature years and understanding?

Before I proceed to tell how it happened, however, I feel it incumbent on me to clear myself from the charge of want of refinement, that may appear to be justified by the use of the phrase, "seeing the elephant;" it was the *literal* animal, not the metaphorical one, that excited the eager curiosity of little Spencer Cameron, and it was, moreover, accompanied in its promenade through the streets by a very pretty pony, on whose back was perched a monkey with a preternaturally solemn and melancholy countenance, and whose united fascinations made the little boy utterly oblivious, for the time, of the oft-repeated injunctions of his sister Amy, never to go, without leave, beyond the corner of the little street where they lived.

It was a very neat and clean little street, of very little houses, and in two tiny third-story rooms of one of them the six-year old boy and his twenty-year old sister—sister, mother, and everything to him—lived. The eldest and youngest of a large family, belonging only to each other, and no one else; for father, mother, brothers and sisters had all gone to make a family in heaven, and left these two alone on the earth. Three years before, in the first year of the rebellion, the mother, completely crushed by receiving, almost simultaneously, the news of the death of her husband in battle and her only son (except the baby on her lap), a lad of sixteen, had placed the little creature in Amy's lap, with "You must be his mother henceforth, Amy," and had quietly laid down on her bed, and in three weeks died of that utter prostration of mind and body that is called a broken heart.

They had been people in comfortable circumstances for their class of life. The father, before he entered the army, working industriously at his trade of a journeyman watchmaker, though unable to lay by anything, had at least maintained them in comfort and plenty, to which his wife, evidently a person of a superior station and education, had added a certain refinement and nicely of habits, tastes and manners, which Amy inherited.

When first left thus alone, the pretty, slender girl of seventeen, had looked around her in terror; solitary, unprotected, what was she to do? How was she to take care of the helpless little one, whom already she yearned over with a love almost as tender as its lost mother's?

Their few friends and advisers, kind neighbors, were people like themselves, of small means, yet abundant good will. For the first few weeks, till the agony of her grief subsided, they were compassionately cared for, and then the girl's native energy and courage rose.

The sale of the furniture of their house—the house itself was only rented—gave her a sum that would support her and pay for the child being taken care of for some months, quite long enough, she found, to serve an apprenticeship to the millinery business, for which she had a decided taste;

she took the two little rooms in the house of the kind old neighbor who was to take charge of little Spencer during the day, and establishing herself there, applied diligently to learning her trade; at first, it is true, with a heavy heart, but her was a naturally cheerful disposition; youth, as we all know, is elastic, and time the great consoler; and so, at the period we are to make her acquaintance, she was as blithe and lively a little milliner as you could find in the city, and that is saying a great deal; yet with a sweet, tender undercurrent of deep feelings, and pensive but not unhappy or repining memories, sanctified her heart, and kept her from becoming either vain or frivolous. Her love for the boy had grown with each day; for his sake she had kept herself apart from the company and amusements of her companions, not only because she could not afford the expense of dress that others indulged, but because the evenings, and her Sundays and rare holidays, were all the time she could be with her darling.

Now I am half sorry I cannot, for the sake of the romance, and to make Amy something more in the way of a heroine, represent her as struggling in the depths of poverty, bearing with heroic fortitude with all manner of privations for the sake of her little brother; but the truth is, though at first she had some difficulty in pushing her way in the world, by this time her dexterous fingers had grown very skillful in her trade, and with exercise, her taste and invention had grown so apt, the fashionable French milliner for whom she worked was glad to retain her permanently, even in the dull times of the year, for as large a sum as an ordinary hand could get at the busier times, lest some one else should seize on her; and during "the season," in spring and fall, she could command almost twice the ordinary wages. In short, Amy prospered, and was looking, even now, to the time when her savings would be enough to set her up in business for herself in a snug little two-story house, somewhere or other."

Meanwhile she made the most of the two little rooms she called "home," which she brightened and beautified with all the small cheap contrivances—some plaster casts, a print or two in a varnished frame, a few books, and a few pots of flowers on the window-sills—that anybody with a modicum of taste and refinement may always gather around. At first she had even undertaken all the drudgery of their cooking, washing, &c., rising early and working late to do it all in the little time she could take from her trade, but as time passed she found this no longer necessary.

You will wonder, perhaps, that such a pretty, good, industrious girl as Amy should live all this time unappropriated by a husband. I must confess it was all her own fault. Though we count by the hundreds of thousands the brave young hearts and heads and strong arms that perished in the war, and though we cannot take ten minutes' walk without having our heart saddened by the sight of one or more of the countless maimed wrecks of manhood that throng the streets, yet still, thank God! we have our millions left of young, vigorous, and, let us hope, as brave hearts and earnest minds, to live and strive for the country, for which their brethren have died.

No, I was not consistent in saying it was Amy's *fault*; she did not, as she might more than once have done, accept the offer of one of these, for if she had she would have given an absolute denial to my proposition, that "what is to be, will be," and I would never have had this triumphant opportunity to prove its truth; for what would have been in that case, you know, would have been quite a different thing: so instead of attributing it to her in blame that she said no to one after another, I will rather congratulate myself that she had too much refinement to be satisfied with any of the worthy but rather rough young men she had as yet had opportunities of being known to, and indulging in an occasional dream of the possible, but as yet unknown individual to whom she would give her heart. I would not have it thought Amy despised those, her equals in class and station; she was too sensible to do that; but she had her ideal, nevertheless, of some one with gentle manners and rather more educated tastes than any one she had yet seen; in short, "what is to be, will be," and the little brother, with the combined aid of elephant, spotted pony and ape, was destined to be the ministering cause.

About two o'clock of a mild March afternoon, Spencer, or Pensie, as Amy loved best to call him, was trundling his hoop up and down the limited portion of the pavement to which Amy's commands strictly circumscribed him; Amy herself, as usual, was absent at her work, not to return till evening began to close; their old landlady, in whose charge he always remained, sat gossiping with a neighbor, secure, from long experience, that the little boy would not wander beyond bounds; but she did not calculate on the hitherto unknown temptation to which his obedience was to be subjected and at last found wanting. With his pretty round face flushed with exercise, and his brown curls, somewhat tossed by the wind, falling over the white frill that bordered the neck of his gingham apron, the little boy had merely followed his hoop from one corner to the other and back again; when, coming down the wider and more public street from which their own ran, he beheld the elephant, which, partly as a perambulating advertisement of the managerie to which it appertained, was making its ponderous progress.

I suppose seeing the elephant in all cases and under all circumstances has pretty much the same effect on its beholder—that is, it is at first viewed with something like alarm, then with curiosity, followed by an irresistible fascination that draws the victim to desire to see more of it, until, slowly following its progress, the unkindly sight is morally, as poor little Pensie was corporally, lost.

In utter forgetfulness of his sister's repeated injunctions never to go alone beyond the two corners of their own street, Pensie, with dilated eyes and eager steps, trotted after the object of

his admiration and wonder up one street and down another, with a small mob of other juveniles, exchanging remarks and opinions concerning the moving mountain before them, the spotted pony and the monkey; the latter, however, not being quite so great a marvel as the other two, Pensie having made intimate acquaintance with sundry of its brethren, who, with the help of an organ, were the support of their respective masters and their families.

One by one the other children dropped off, but still Pensie followed with the fresh accessions continually arriving, hardly thinking about the matter at all, but vaguely supposing some belonging to the same neighborhood were still with the little crowd, and that he could find his way back with them when once he had seen the wonderful beast safely housed.

At last they reached the canvas booth, on an unoccupied lot, and the stupendous beast vanished from Pensie's rapt sight into the menagerie. With a long sigh, half of regret and of relief from overwhelming wonder, he woke to the fact that he was still indeed in the midst of a crowd of children, but every one of them perfect strangers to him, and in a perfectly strange place too. He was not dismayed, however, but, with well-satisfied confidence of finding his way home, turned, as he supposed, to retrace his steps.

On he walked for half an hour, expecting every moment to see the wide street—the only very wide street, as he imagined, in the city—from which their own little street ran at right angles. At length he came to one resembling it, at least in width, though not in general aspect; but expecting after a little while appearances would grow more familiar, Pensie quickened his steps as much as his tired feet would let him. But the street grew more and more unlike what he looked for, and at length put on quite a rural appearance.

Just as he came to the beginning of a row of pretty, small detached houses, on a low terrace, and with gardens screened from the street by evergreen hedges, a large, surly-looking dog bounded out of an open gate and barked at Pensie so savagely, the little boy, in a sudden panic, started to run, stumbled over the root of a tree, and fell prone into a puddle of thick mud, but regaining his feet in an instant, darted through another open gate of the next dwelling, turned hastily and closed it, just in time to shut out his growling pursuer. The dog returned to his own quarters in a few minutes, but Pensie did not dare to venture out of his refuge, and sat down on the steps of the house to rest, and to indulge in a "good cry" over his forlorn situation, with becoming penitential reflection on his naughtiness in disobeying his sister, and, by wandering out of their own street, having as he began to suspect, got lost. Poor little man! He had not the consolation of considering it had all happened so because "what is to be, will be"; and that the very streaks of black mud that now defiled him from head to foot, and on which he gazed most dolefully, and that gave him the appearance of a regular little ragamuffin, would contribute their share in bringing about the "is to be" in due time.

It was now late in the afternoon, almost dark, indeed, and the rather solitary street began to be enlivened with home-wending wayfarers. One of these, a fine athletic young man of twenty-six or so, came briskly along, whistling now and then, but mostly wrapped in a reverie, the subject of which must have been pleasant, judging by his countenance. In truth his thoughts were fixed on an inmate of the very house on whose step Pensie was sitting. George Ritchie was the only son of a widowed mother, a junior partner in a prosperous mercantile concern, a very clever, good-hearted young fellow, and the owner of one of this row of pretty cottages, which he inhabited with his mother. Mrs. Ritchie was a perfect model old lady; a sweet, gentle, tender, and simple-hearted old soul, and her son adored her of course; but had of late made the discovery that there were some vacant nooks in his heart that even his mother could not fill. He had begun to think how sweet it would be, going home of an evening, to find in the pretty parlor, not only his mother, but a fair young wife, and by-and-by, perhaps, some "wee toddling things," to welcome him home, for George dearly loved children. Casting about in his mind where he should look for the wife, and the tender mother of the superstitious bairnies, his thoughts of late had got a strong tendency to settle on a certain fair neighbor, Bell Allen, whose very lovely face and graceful figure certainly justified his penchant, and who, with the instinctive perception that most women have of an admirer, gave him plenty of opportunities for feeling yet more deeply their fascinations; she was by no means unwilling to exchange her situation, as one of a large and slenderly provided family, for that of the wife of a prosperous young merchant.

George, however, was not in love with her; he was not one to be caught merely by a pretty face, and he had not yet seen enough of her to be sure he would find in her the amiable, kind and sensible woman he knew could alone make him the wife he wanted. One of the small, unlooked-for incidents of life, the trifles that so unexpectedly occur, and yet which have far more important consequences than any one dreams of at the time, was to afford him an insight he desired into Miss Allen's disposition, and while it put an end to all his visions in that quarter, to lead him into another where his dreams of a bonnie sweet wife and a tender, true woman would be realized.

As I said, the evergreen hedges were both tall enough (growing on the edge of the terrace), and thick enough to screen off the gardens from the street, and just as George came within earshot of the Allens' garden he was startled by hearing the voice of the lady of his thought, but considerably sharper in tone than he had ever heard it before. Involuntarily he paused, for if he advanced a step or two he would be seen through the iron-work gate; and the first words uttered by Miss Allen were such

he felt she would feel terribly awkward if she knew he heard them.

"Why, you filthy little brat, what are doing here on our steps?"

"Oh, please," said a childish voice, "I don't mean to do anything bad, but the big dog—he ran at me, and I was afraid, and came here."

"Came here," said the lady, crossly. "Yes, I can see you have; only look at the mud you have smeared on the steps."

"Oh, I'm sorry, ma'am. I did not mean to, indeed," said the child.

"Well, whether you meant to or not, you must clear out now, right away," said Miss Allen, in still sharper tones.

"Oh, ma'am," said the little voice, supplicatingly, "I'm so afraid of the big dog; I heard him bark down there a little bit ago—and—and—I think I'm lost—I don't know the way home."

"Nonsense," was the reply; "I don't believe it; you are here after some mischief. I should think you were quite big enough to know your way about. Pray where do you live?"

"In Matsell street, above Broad; but, indeed, ma'am, I don't know my way; I have tried a long while and cannot find it."

"Well, Broad street is a little way below here, in that direction, and when you have found that, I guess you will find your home soon enough."

"And the dog—" began Pensie again.

"Clear out at once, I say," exclaimed the lady, in still harsher tones, "or I'll make you;" and then, apparently frightened by the threat, George Ritchie heard a pair of small feet come padding down the gravel walk, and as the gate was opened to give exit to the child, the front door closed with something like a bang, leaving the coast clear for his advance.

A forlorn little face, all soiled with tears and mud, peered cautiously around, to see if the enemy, the big dog, was in sight; it was not, and Pensie, somewhat reassured, turned in the direction to which Miss Allen had pointed to him; but his steps were arrested by a kind voice asking:

"What ails you, little fellow? You seem in trouble?"

George had just one of those faces that children, and grown people, too, instinctively know to be friend.

"Oh, sir," he said, "I'm lost, and it's almost dark, and sister Amy will come home, and be so frightened because I'm not there; oh, what shall I do!" and his heart melting at the thought of his sister's distress, Pensie began to cry again.

"Come, come, little man, don't cry," said his new friend, encouragingly. "We'll soon find your home, and sister Amy; but how long have you been lost, and where do you live?"

"I've been lost ever so long," said Pensie. "It was soon after dinner; and oh, I'm so tired, and my feet hurt so."

"Well," said George, taking one of the dirty hands in his, "you shall go to my home for a little while, and get rested before we hunt up yours; but where did you say it was? Matsell street?" he repeated, as the child told him. "I do not know of any such place—not near here at least."

"Bless us!" said Mrs. Ritchie, as George opened the gate of the garden and found her at the door looking out for him; "who on earth is this, George?"

"A lost child, mother. I have picked up, and am going to hunt up his friends for him."

"Well, I don't believe his own mother would know him through all that dirt," said the old lady. "Come in here, child, and have your face washed."

"Really, a nice little fellow," was the old lady's comment, when the servant to whom she had consigned him brought him back with a clean face and hands, smooth hair, and as much of the mud removed from his clothes as could be got rid of on such short notice.

"What is your name, little man, and where do you live?"

On the first point the child satisfied her quickly, but on the last he was not so quick; he was now uncertain whether Matsell was the name of the street, or only the row of buildings where they lived. George could find no street of the name in the Directory.

"What's to be done?" asked his mother. "The poor child is too tired to go dragging him up and down, in search of a place it may take all night to find."

"I must leave him here with you," said George, after a moment's consideration, and go to the police headquarters to see if he has been inquired for there."

And only waiting to snatch a few mouthfuls of food, he departed, leaving Pensie, who was too tired to object, though loth to part from his new friend.

Now "what is to be, will be," and the fates had it so; because if George had been able to take Pensie directly home, he would never have met Amy, in whom he was to find his fate—his progress to the office having given him the opportunity to decide that her harshness to a poor frightened little child had proved that certainly he had not found it in Miss Bell Allen.

He found the police-superintendent in conversation with a pretty and neatly dressed young lady, and he courteously stood aside till she should have concluded her business, when the words from the officer, "We have not heard of any such child, ma'am, here; but he may have been at one of the other stations. Inquiries shall be made immediately. Don't be alarmed; I dare say we'll find him very soon," arrested his attention.

"Excuse me," he said; "but if your business is about a lost child, perhaps I can relieve your anxiety. I found a little boy, calling himself Pensie, and talking of a sister Amy—"

"Oh, sir, that's him! Thank heaven he is found! But where is my darling?"

"If you will come with me, I will take you to him immediately; or, if you prefer, and will tell me your residence, I will bring him to you."

But it happened that yet another of the "is to

be's," without which George and Amy might never have been more than chance acquaintances, led her to prefer accompanying him, and with, "I will not trouble you, after all your kindness, with another walk to-night, but go for him myself," Amy turned to go out with him, talking, half-shyly, half-confidingly, as she proceeded, about how she had come home to find Pensie lost, the old landlady in wild alarm because he could not be heard of in the neighborhood, and, like a sensible little woman as she was, going straight to the police-office to make inquiries.

A twenty minutes' ride in the cars brought them to George's home; but some people can become very well known to each other even in twenty minutes, and George had said to himself, "What a nice, clever girl it seems; I'd like to know more of her;" and Amy, "How kind and good-natured he must be, to take so much trouble in behalf of strangers like us;" and in a still lower whisper to herself, "He's very handsome, too!" by the time they entered the parlor, where Mrs. Ritchie was trying to amuse Pensie with a book of prints.

"Amy—dear, darling sister Amy!" and "Spencer, my own pet Pensie!" was all the sister and brother could say for a few minutes, while Mrs. Ritchie and her son, with faces full of pleasure, saw the meeting. Then, turning to them, Amy tried to express her gratitude, but felt somewhat embarrassed to find the old lady examining her face with very scrutinizing eyes.

"Is your little brother's name Spencer, and is yours Amy?" asked Mrs. Ritchie. "May I ask where you got these names?"

"From our mother," said Amy, in wonder. "They were her Christian and surname before her marriage with my father, John Cameron."

"I was sure of it—I saw it in your face; I was sure you were my dear Amy Spencer's children. Why, child, when we were both girls, and lived at Gordonsburg, she was the dearest friend I had, though after we were both married we settled at first far apart, and we had too many cares to keep up much intercourse, and for many a long year now I have never seen her. But come, you must sit down and tell me all about her."

It was a sad but not a very long story Amy had to tell. While the husband of one friend had prospered and left his wife and child abundantly provided, the other had little luck in life. Kind Mrs. Ritchie shed some tears over the mournful end of her former friend, and then, little by little, drew from Amy an account of her proceedings since her mother's death. Nor could all the unpretending modesty of the young girl wholly conceal the courage, patience and industry her life had shown, and her unselfish devotion to her little brother's welfare.

Before, assented by George, who would not let them go alone, she started with Pensie for her home, Mrs. Ritchie had made her promise to come soon again, a promise her son made up his mind he would take care to have fulfilled. He called himself the next day, keeping an appointment he had made with Pensie to take him to have another view o' the elephant: he called again to bring his mother and afterward he got into the habit of calling without any excuse whatever, except that it pleased himself; and in the end succeeded in convincing Amy that it was not necessary to set up a milliner's shop, to become the purchaser of a house of her own.

Mrs. Ritchie, a plain, unambitious woman, was better pleased her son had given her a daughter like Amy, rather than of one of more pretension, but not more real claim to respect and admiration. And as to little Pensie, if it had been possible for him to love Amy more than before, he would have done so for giving him such a brother. When he came to live with them in the pretty cottage-house, he even succeeded in making friends with the surly dog, but never could overcome his objections to Miss Bell Allen. Whether that young lady ever recognized in the handsome, well-dressed child the "dirty little brat" she had a few months before treated so harshly, I do not know. But if she did, and, with a dim idea of the cause that had induced George Ritchie to withdraw his attentions, wished she had behaved more kindly on that occasion, it would all have been of no use, you know, for "what is to be, will be"; and the fates had settled that not Miss Bell, but Amy Cameron, should be George Ritchie's wife, and had, after their own fashion, brought it about.

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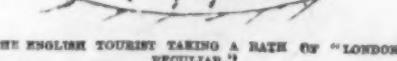
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The idea is, as you see, capable of indefinite extension. It only wants to be given a practical form. Suppose we start a company? Say a capital of ten millions, in shares of five dollars? It only wants two million stockholders; then you can be president and I secretary. Shall I write you the prospectus? What do you say?

TORILU.

**FRANC WIT.**—The French wits are still making fun of the profusion of decorations which the royal visitors left behind them. In *Charivari* there is a picture of a stout matron, who has appropriated half her husband's ornaments on the pile that he had a week ago, the doctor was afraid it would do him harm to carry all the jewels himself. Another sketch shows a man starting back in astonishment as he suddenly comes on a friend in the street, with his breast glittering with decorations. "Ah, you see," explains the friend, "I live just opposite the Elysée"—the palace where the Czar and the Sultan had their quarters. "For a wonder," says another man, looking at the sky, "there are still some stars left to sparkle up there. I fancied they had all been taken down for *bouillabaisse*."

CHILBLAINS—EFFECT OF TAKING TOO MUCH "SPITZBERGEN" IN SUMMER.



NETTING WILD PIGEONS IN NEW ENGLAND.

**Netting Wild Pigeons in New England.**

THE flocks of wild pigeons, which at first are easily killed out West, become more shy as they reach further North, so that by the time they reach New England, besides being reduced in numbers, they are more difficult to capture, and therefore are hunted in the way illustrated in our sketch. A place of concealment is built, and the hunters get behind it, having prepared their net, which works with a cord running into their cover, and having also decoy pigeons placed on the ground, with their legs tied with strings, which also run to their cover. Having made these preparations, and spread the ground with buckwheat, they retire to their shelter, and by pulling the strings connected with the decoy pigeons, they are made to flutter and seem as though they were just alighting on the field. By this appearance the wild pigeons are attracted and fly down

into the field. When a sufficient number have been collected together, the net is pulled over them by the string, they are taken out by hand, and the net set again. The number of pigeons taken in this way is often quite large, and being frequently enough to make a day spent in capturing them quite profitable. It happens, at times, when the pigeons are quite plentiful, that most of the young men in the vicinity spend their time in this way, combining both pleasure and profit.

**Shooting Wild Pigeons in Iowa.**

THE farmers of many of the western counties of Iowa were much troubled with pigeons in the spring; in fact, the hordes became a perfect scourge. Vast flocks made their appearance, the air in many places being literally darkened, and having

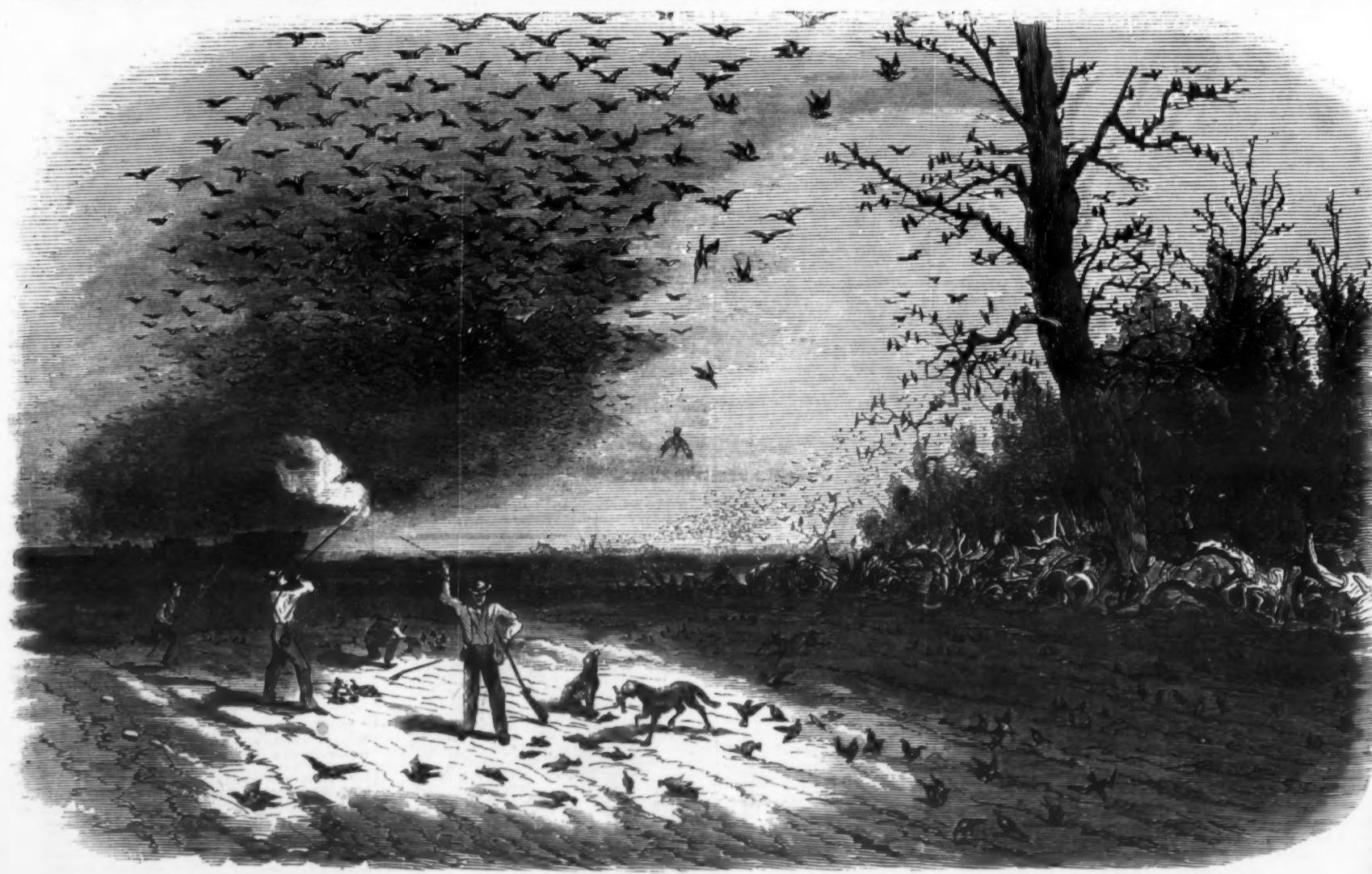
migrated a long distance from the South, they were very voracious. These flocks lit upon the fields of new-sown grain, and rolling over and over like the waves of the sea, picked up every kernel of grain in sight. It was impossible to drive them away; they being unmindful of the firing of guns, throwing of stones, shouting of men, or barking of dogs; and it was an easy task to kill any number of them with a pole.

One farmer, residing two miles east of Independence, had sown three acres of wheat, and was preparing to harrow it in, when the pigeons made their appearance, and gobbled up every kernel before he could get it covered. Some fields containing forty acres were absolutely covered with pigeons, and although sportsmen waged an incessant warfare against them, and killed great numbers of them, their places were soon supplied with others. Hunting pigeons had lost the

charm of novelty, and the main question was how to save grain. A great number of fields had to be sowed a second time, and, it is said, some farmers had to do it the third time. From all accounts, the main depredations of the feathered scourge appeared to be confined to the region of country bordering the Wapsipinicon.

**View of Bay Street, Savannah, Georgia.**

BAY STREET, in Savannah, is the chief cotton market of the town, and is filled with a constant procession of carts conveying the bales of the staple either to the storehouses or the wharves for shipment. There has always been a business rivalry between Charleston and Savannah, and since the war the last-named place appears to have taken the lead decidedly. Our sketch shows the mode in which cotton is carted



SHOOTING WILD PIGEONS IN IOWA.



VIEW OF BAY STREET, SAVANNAH, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

In Savannah. The steeple seen in our sketch is that of the Exchange, and is itself used as a fire look-out. In many respects Savannah is one of the pleasantest Southern cities, and seems destined now to assume a considerable importance as a shipping port and centre for supplying the interior. With the growth of industry in the South, under a system of free labor, many of their cities will receive an impetus greater than even the most sanguine ever hoped, and Savannah seems to be in a fair way to be one of the first to benefit by the new régime.

#### Summer Resort at Milneville, on Lake Pontchartrain.

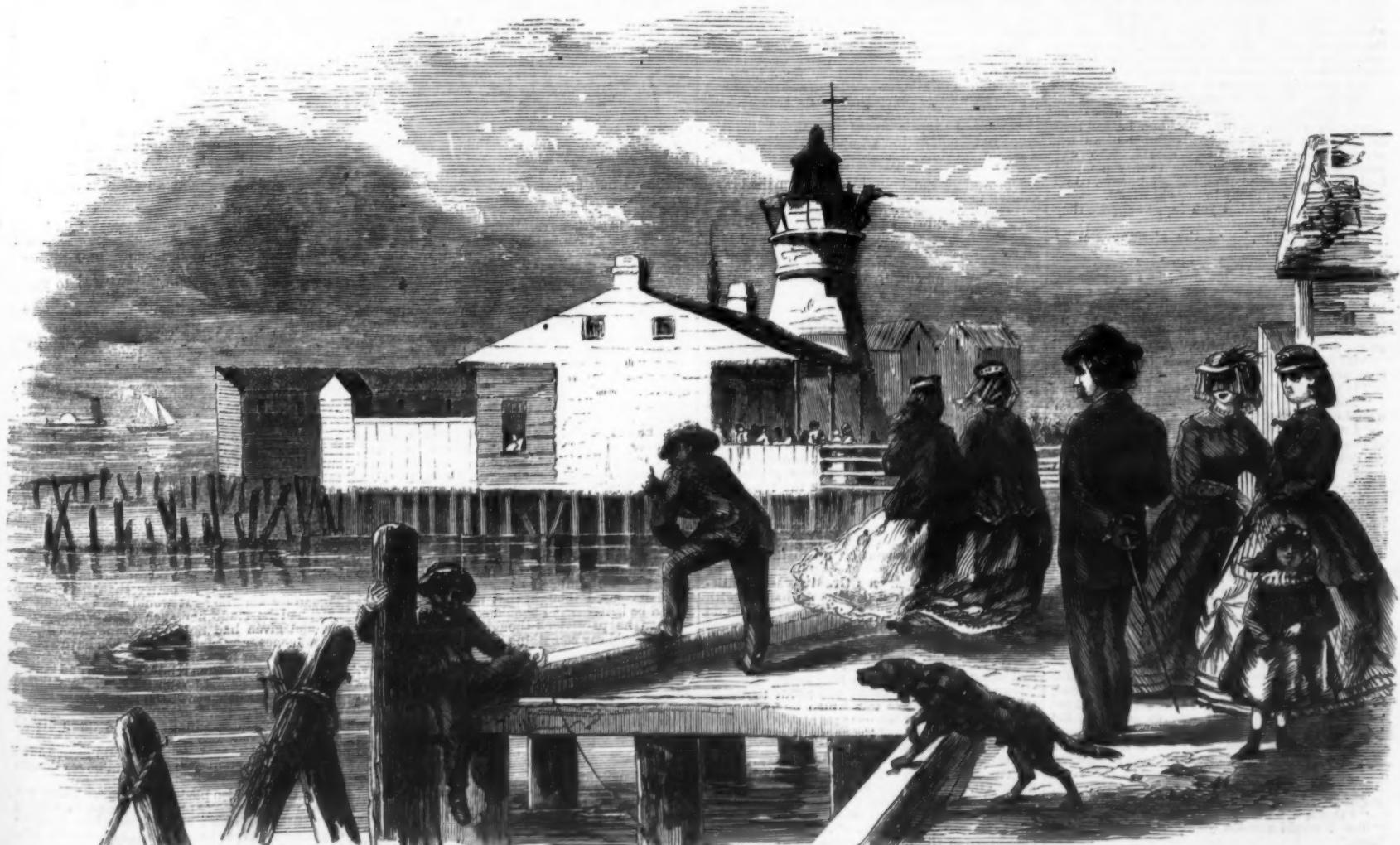
THIS place of resort is a few miles in the rear of the city of New Orleans, facing the lake; it is reached by means of the Pontchartrain Railroad. The cars run every half hour. The place presents a gay appearance during the season; on Sundays especially a continual stream of pleasure-seekers pour into this delightful *sans-souci*; some bathe, others stroll amid the orange

groves surrounding the hotel adjoining, or along the beach, gathering shells by way of pastime, or oct. 1. on the railroad wharves, beyond the Lighthouse seen in the sketch, to gaze upon the placid waters of this most delightful lake.

This place is also the general steamboat landing, and other vessels of light draught from Mobile and adjoining places stop here, since through the Lake Bourne route a large detour is saved in not being compelled to go around by the delta of the Mississippi. The pas-

senger and freight of the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad are landed at this point, and proceed to the city (four miles distant), by this Pontchartrain Railroad, which is said to be the shortest and oldest one in the United States.

There are other watering-places on the opposite shore of the lakes. Loads upon loads of passengers take steamboats at this point on Sundays and go over, making the trip in a few hours. Milneville, in brief, is the Coney Island of New Orleans.



SUMMER RESORT AT MILNEVILLE, LA., ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

## WAITING.

THE mornings come, the long hours come and go  
And peep the gentle flowers to see me weep;  
The flowers he used to tend, they know my woe;  
They shed their tears of sorrow as they peep!

Familiar paths, where he and I have paced  
A thousand times, he treads also no more!  
I cease to list, at even, by the door,  
Knowing the coming of his steps has ceased.

I see him now! he holds me to his side;  
Sweet as of old the dear low whispers fall;  
He smiles again; his eyes are bright with pride—  
The tree he planted blossoms on the wall.

But not for him! Though those fresh blooms  
are glad,  
They wear a certain sadness to my eye!  
The very ground wherein they grow is sad,  
Nor spread the boughs; the very sap seems  
dry.

Yet I have friends—dear, tried and proven true—  
Whose words of solace fain would fall as rain  
Upon the desert of my heart: the dew  
Ne'er sinks; my hard earth turns it back again!

Yes, I have friends; oft, oft in evens now,  
Would whispers win—if winning were to be—  
Some hope, some little treason to the vow  
That is for ever, evermore to me!—

True loyal hands that my sad hands would take,  
Arms that would shelter, warm hearts that  
would love;

Friends that are dearer, all, for his dead sake;  
But friends alone; no look of theirs can move!

And, am I wrong? To know they wish me well  
Is not to love; nor is my future free!—  
My life is in the lands where angels dwell;  
Follow him; he cannot come to me!

I think of his last words, his long embrace,  
Of hours when earth was one bright heaven of  
joy;  
My love is gold; nor shall it know alloy;  
My eyes must wait to look upon his face!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER LVI—CONTINUED.

Lady Lufton had often heard her friend the archdeacon preach, and she knew well the high tone which he could take as to the necessity of trusting our hopes for the future for all our true happiness; and yet she sympathized with him when he told her that he was broken-hearted because his son would take a step which might possibly interfere with his worldly prosperity. Had the archdeacon been preaching about matrimony, he would have recommended young men, in taking wives to themselves, especially to look for young women who feared the Lord. But in talking about his own son's wife, no word as to her eligibility or non-eligibility in this respect escaped his lips. Had he talked on the subject till nightfall no such word would have been spoken. Had any friend of his own, man or woman, in discussing such a matter with him and asking his advice upon it, alluded to the fear of the Lord, the allusion would have been distasteful to him and would have smacked of his palate of hypocrisy. Lady Lufton, who understood as well as any woman what it was to be "tiled" with a friend, took all this in good part. The archdeacon had spoken out of his heart what was in his heart. One of his children had married a marquis. Another might probably become a bishop—perhaps an archbishop. The third might be a county squire—high among county squires; but he could only so become by walking warily. And now he was bent on marrying the penniless daughter of an impoverished half-mad country curate, who was about to be tried for stealing twenty pounds! Lady Lufton, in spite of all her arguments, could not refuse her sympathy to her old friend.

"After all, from what you say, I suppose they are not engaged?"

"I do not know," said the archdeacon; "I cannot tell."

"And what do you wish me to do?"

"Oh—nothing! I came over, as I said before, because I thought he was here. I think it right, before he has absolutely committed himself, to take every means in my power to make him understand that I shall withdraw all pecuniary assistance—now and for the future."

"My friend, that threat seems to me to be so terrible."

"It is the only power I have left to me."

"But you, who are so affectionate by nature, would never adhere to it."

"I will try. I will do my best to be firm. I will at once put everything beyond my control after my death."

The archdeacon, as he uttered these terrible words—words that were awful to Lady Lufton's ears—resolved that he would endeavor to nurse his own wrath, but, at the same time, almost hated himself for his own pusillanimity, because he feared that his wrath would die away before he should have availed himself of its heat.

"I would do nothing rash of that kind," said Lady Lufton. "Your object is to prevent the marriage, not to punish him for it when once he has made it."

"He is not to have his own way in everything."

Lady Lufton paused for a couple of minutes before she replied. She had a scheme in her head, but it seemed to her to savor of cruelty. And yet at present it was her chief duty to assist her old friend, if any assistance could be given. There could hardly be a doubt that such a marriage as this of which they were speaking was in itself an evil. In her case, the case of her son, there had been no question of a trial, or money stolen, or aught that was in truth disgraceful.

"I think, if I were you, Dr. Grantly," she said, "that I would see the young lady while I was here."

"See her myself?" said the archdeacon.

The idea of seeing Grace Crawley himself had, up to this moment, never entered his head.

"I think I would do so."

"I think I will," said the archdeacon, after a pause. Then he got up from his chair. "If I am to do it, I had better do it at once."

"Be gentle with her, my friend."

The archdeacon paused again. He certainly had entertained the idea of encountering Miss Crawley with severity rather than gentleness. Lady Lufton rose from her seat, and, coming up to him, took one of his hands between her own two.

"Be gentle to her," she said. "You have owned that she has done nothing wrong."

The archdeacon bowed his head in token of assent, and left the room.

Poor Grace Crawley!

## CHAPTER LVII.—A DOUBLE PLEDGE.

The archdeacon, as he walked across from the court to the parsonage, was very thoughtful and his steps were very slow. This idea of seeing Miss Crawley herself had been suggested to him suddenly, and he had to determine how he would bear himself toward her, and what he would say to her. Lady Lufton had beseeched him to be gentle with her. Was the mission one in which gentleness would be possible? Must it not be his object to make this young lady understand that she could not be right in desiring to come into his family and share in all his good things when she had got no good things of her own—nothing but evil things to bring with her? And how could this be properly explained to the young lady in gentle terms? Must he not be round with her, and give her to understand in plain words—the plainest which he could use—that she would not get his good things, though she would most certainly impose the burden of all her evil things on the man whom she was proposing to herself as a husband. He remembered very well as he went, that he had been told that Miss Crawley had herself refused the offer, feeling herself to be unfit for the honor tendered to her; but he suspected the sincerity of such a refusal. Calculating in his own mind the unreasonably great advantages which would be conferred on such a young lady as Miss Crawley by a marriage with his son, he declared to himself that any girl must be very wicked indeed who should expect, or even accept, so much more than was her due; but nevertheless he could not bring himself to believe that any girl, when so tempted, would, in sincerity, decline to commit this great wickedness. If he was to do any good by seeing Miss Crawley, must it not consist in a proper explanation to her of the selfishness, abomination, and altogether damnable blackness of such wickedness as this on the part of a young woman in her circumstances? "Heaven and earth!" he must say, "here are you, without a penny in your pocket, with hardly decent raiment on your back, with a thief for your father, and you think that you are to come and share in all the wealth that the Grantlys have amassed, that you are to have a husband with broad acres, a big house, and game preserves, and become one of a family whose name has never been touched by a single accusation—no, not by a suspicion? No; injustice such as that shall never be done betwixt you and me. You may wring my heart, and you may ruin my son; but the broad acres and the big house, and the game preserves, and the rest of it, shall never be your reward for doing so." How was all that to be told effectively to a young woman in gentle words? And then how was a man in the archdeacon's position to be disirous of gentle words—gentle words which would not be efficient—when he knew well in his heart of hearts that he had nothing but his threats on which to depend. He had no more power of disinherit his own son for such an offense as that contemplated than he had of blowing out his own brains, and he knew that it was so. He was a man incapable of such persistency of wrath against one whom he loved. He was neither cruel enough nor strong enough to do such a thing. He could only threaten to do it, and make what best use he might of threats, whilst threats might be of avail. In spite of all that he had said to his wife, to Lady Lufton, and to himself, he knew very well that if his son did sin in this way, he, the father, would forgive the sin of the son.

In going across from the front gate of the Court to the parsonage there was a place where three roads met, and on this spot there stood a finger-post. Round this finger-post there was now pasted a placard, which at once arrested the archdeacon's eye: "Cosby Lodge—Sale of furniture—Growing crops to be sold on the grounds. Three hunters. A brown gelding warranted for saddle or harness!" The archdeacon himself had given the brown gelding to his son, as a great treasure.

"Three Alderney cows, two cow-calves, a low piafet, a gig, two ricks of hay."

The archdeacon himself had given the brown gelding to his son, as a great treasure.

"In this fashion were proclaimed in odious details all those comfortable additions to a gentleman's house in the country, with which the archdeacon was so well acquainted. Only last November he had recommended his son to buy a certain newly-invented clod-crusher, and the clod-crusher had of course been bought. The bright blue paint upon it had not as yet given way to the stains of the ordinary farmyard muck and mire—and here was the clod-crusher advertised for sale! The archdeacon did not want his son to leave Cosby Lodge. He knew well enough that his son need not leave Cosby Lodge. Why had the foolish fellow been in such a hurry with his hideous ill-conditioned advertisements? Gentle! How was he in such circumstances to be gentle? He raised his umbrella and poked angrily at the disgusting notice. The iron ferule caught the paper at a chink in the post, and tore it from the top to the bottom. But what was the use? A horrid ugly bill lying torn in such a spot would attract only more attention than one fixed to a post. He could not condescend, however, to give it to further attention, but passed on up to the parsonage. Gentle, indeed!

Nevertheless Archdeacon Grantly was a gentleman, and never yet had dealt more harshly with any woman than we have sometimes seen him do with his wife—when he would say an angry word or two with a good deal of martial authority. His wife, who knew well what his angry words were worth, never even suggested to herself that she had cause for complaint on that head. Had she known that the archdeacon was about to undertake such a mission as this which he had now in hand, she would not have warned him to be gentle. She indeed, would have strongly advised him not to undertake the mission, cautioning him that the young lady would probably get the better of him.

"Grace, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, coming up into the nursery, in which Miss Crawley was sitting with the children, "come out here a moment, will you?" Then Grace left the children and went into the passage. "My dear, there is a gentleman in the drawing-room who asks to see you."

"A gentleman, Mrs. Roberts? What gentleman?"

But Grace, though she asked the question, conceived that the gentleman must be Henry Grantly. Her mind did not suggest to her the possibility of any other gentleman coming to see her.

"You must not be surprised or allow yourself to be frightened."

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts, who is it?"

"It is Major Grantly's father."

"The archdeacon?"

"Yes, dear, Archdeacon Grantly; he is in the drawing-room."

"Must I see him, Mrs. Roberts?"

"Well, Grace, I think you must. I hardly know how you can refuse. He is an intimate friend of everybody here at Framley."

"What will he say to me?"

"Nay; that I cannot tell. I suppose you know—"

"He has come, no doubt, to bid me have nothing to say to his son. He need not have troubled himself. But he may say what he likes. I am not a coward, and I will go to him."

"Stop a moment, Grace. Come into my room for an instant. The children have pulled your hair about."

But, Grace, though she followed Mrs. Roberts into the bedroom, would have nothing done to her hair. She was too proud for that, and we may say, also, had too little confidence in her own good which such resources might effect on her behalf.

"Never mind about that," she said. "What am I to say to him?"

Mrs. Roberts paused before she replied, feeling that the matter was one which required some deliberation.

"Tell me what I must say to him?" said Grace, repeating her question.

"I hardly know what your own feelings are, my dear."

"Yes, you do. You do know. If I had all the world to give, I would give it all to Major Grantly."

"Tell him that, then."

"No, I will not tell him that. Never mind about my frock, Mrs. Roberts. I do not care for that. I will tell him that I love his son and his granddaughter too well to injure them. I will tell him nothing else. I might as well go now."

Mrs. Roberts, as she looked at Grace, was astonished at the serenity of her face. And yet, when her hand was on the drawing-room door, Grace hesitated, looked back and trembled. Mrs. Roberts blew a kiss to her from the stairs; and then the door was opened and the girl found herself in the presence of the archdeacon. He was standing on the rug, with his back to the fire, and his heavy ecclesiastical hat was placed on the middle of the round table. The hat caught Grace's eye at the moment of her entrance, and she felt that all the thunders of the church were contained within it. And then the archdeacon himself was so big and so clerical and so imposing! Mrs. Roberts blew a kiss to her from the stairs; and then the door was opened and the girl found herself in the presence of the archdeacon. He was standing on the rug, with his back to the fire, and his heavy ecclesiastical hat was placed on the middle of the round table. The hat caught Grace's eye at the moment of her entrance, and she felt that all the thunders of the church were contained within it. And then the archdeacon himself was so big and so clerical and so imposing!

Grace told herself that she would do nothing which ought to forfeit his respect and esteem, but that she did not care two straws whether his respect and esteem were disposed on her or not. She was striving after something very different from that.

"If my son were to marry you, he would greatly injure himself, and would very greatly injure his child."

Again he paused. He had told her to listen, and she was resolved that she would listen—unless he should say something which might make a word from her necessary at the moment.

"I do not know whether there does at present exist any engagement between you?"

"There is no engagement, sir."

"I am glad of that—very glad of it. I do not know whether you are aware that my son is dependent upon me for the greater part of his income. It is so, and as I am so circumstanted with my son, of course I feel the closest possible concern in his future prospects."

The archdeacon did not know how to explain clearly why the fact of his making a son an annual allowance should give him a warmer interest in his son's affairs than he might have had had the major been altogether independent of him; but he trusted that Grace would understand this by her own natural lights.

"Now, Miss Crawley, of course I cannot wish to say a word that shall hurt your feelings. But there are reasons—"

"I know," said she, interrupting him. "Papa is accused of stealing money. He did not steal it, but people think he did. And then we are so very poor."

"You do understand me then—and I feel grateful—I do indeed."

"I don't think our being poor ought to signify a bit," said Grace. "Papa is a gentleman and a clergyman, and mamma is a lady."

"But, my dear—"

"I know I ought not to be your son's wife as long as people think that papa stole the money. I know that very well. And as for Edith, I would sooner die than do anything that would be bad to her."

The archdeacon had now left the rug, and advanced till he was almost close to the chair on which Grace was sitting.

"My dear," he said, "what you said does you very much honor, very much honor indeed."

Now that he was close to her, he could look into her eyes, and could see the exact form of her features, and could understand—could not help understanding—the character of her countenance. It was a noble face, having in it nothing that was poor, nothing that was mean, nothing that was shapeless. It was a face that promised infinite beauty, with a promise that was on the very verge of fulfillment. There was a play about her mouth as she spoke, and a curl in her nostril as the eager words came from her, which almost made the selfish father give way. Why had they not told him she was such a one as this? Why had he not Henry himself spoken of the specialty of her beauty? No man in England knew better than the archdeacon the difference between beauty of one kind and beauty of another kind in a woman's face, the one beauty, which comes from health and youth and animal spirits, and which belongs to the miller's daughter, and the other beauty, which shows itself in fine lines and a noble spirit, the beauty which comes from breeding.

"What you say does you very much honor, indeed," said the archdeacon.

"I should not mind at all about being poor," said Grace.

"No, no, no," said the archdeacon.

"Poor as we are, and no clergyman I think ever was so poor, I should have done as your son asked me at once, if it had been only that, because I love him."

"If you love him, you will not wish to injure him."

"I will not injure him. Sir, there is my promise."

And now as she spoke, she rose from her chair, and standing close to the archdeacon, laid her hand very lightly on the sleeve of his coat.

"There is my promise. As long as people say that papa stole the money, I will never marry your son. There."

The archdeacon was still looking down at her, and feeling the slight touch of her fingers, raised his arm a little as though to welcome the pressure. He looked into her eyes, which were turned eagerly toward his, and when doing so was quite sure that the promise would be kept. It would have been sacrifice, to doubt such a promise. He almost relented. His soft heart, which was never very well under his own control, gave way so far that he was nearly moved to tell that, on his son's behalf, he acquitted her of the promise. What could any man's son do better than have such a woman for his wife? It would have been of no avail had he made her such offer. The pledge she had given had not been wrung from her by his influence, nor could his influence have availed aught with her toward the alteration of her purpose.

It was not the archdeacon who had taught her that it would not be her duty to take disgrace into the house of the man she loved. As he looked down upon her face, two tears formed themselves in his eyes, and gradually trickled down his old nose.

"My dear," he said, "if this cloud passes away from you, you shall come to us and be my daughter."

And thus he also pledged himself. There was a dash of generosity about the man, in spite of his selfishness, which always made him devious of giving largely to those who gave largely to him. He would fain that his gifts should be

impossible for him so to speak in her presence of that which moved her so greatly.

He had contrived that her hand should fall from his arm into his grasp, and now for a moment he held it.

"You are a good girl," he said, "a dear, dear, good girl. When this cloud has passed away, you shall come to us and be our daughter."

"But it will never pass away," said Grace.

"Let us hope that it may. Let us hope that it may."

Then he stooped over her and kissed her, and leaving the room, got out into the hall, and thence into the garden, and so away, without saying a word of adieu to Mrs. Roberts.

As he walked across to the Court, whither he was obliged to go, because of his chaise, he was lost in surprise at what had occurred. He had gone to the parsonage, hating the girl, and despising his son. Now, as he retraced his steps, his feelings were altogether changed. He admired the girl—and as for his son, even his anger was for the moment altogether gone. He would write to him at once and implore him to stop the sale. He would tell his son all that had occurred, or rather would make Mrs. Grantly do so. In respect to his son he was quite safe. He thought at that moment that he was safe. There would be no use in hurling further threats at him. If Crawley was found guilty of stealing the money, there was the girl's promise. If he was acquitted, there was his own pledge. He remembered perfectly well that the girl had said more than this—that she had not confined her assurance to the verdict of a jury, that she had protested that she would not accept Major Grantly's hand as long as people thought that her father had stolen the check; but the archdeacon felt that it would be ignoble to hold her closely to her words. The event, according to his ideas of the compact, was to depend upon the verdict of the jury. If the jury should find Mr. Crawley not guilty, all objection on his part to the marriage was to be withdrawn. And he would keep his word! In such case it should be withdrawn.

When he came to the rage of the auctioneer's bill, which he had before torn down with his umbrella, he stopped a moment to consider how he would act at once. In the first place he would tell his son that his threats were withdrawn, and would ask him to remain at Cosby Lodge. He would write the letter as he passed through Barchester, on his way home, so that his son might receive it on the following morning; and he would refer the major to his mother for a full explanation of the circumstances. Those bills must be removed from every barndoors and wall in the county. At the present moment his anger against his son was chiefly directed against his ill-judged haste in having put up those ill-omened posters. Then he paused to consider what must be his wish as to the verdict of the jury. He had pledged himself to abide by the verdict, and he could not but have a wish on the subject. Could he desire in his heart that Mr. Crawley should be found guilty? He stood still for a moment thinking of this, and then he walked on, shaking his head. If it might be possible he would have no wish on the subject whatever.

"Well!" said Lady Lufton, stopping him in the passage, "have you seen her?"

"Yes; I have seen her."

"Well?"

"She is a good girl—a very good girl. I am in a great hurry, and hardly know how to tell you more now."

"You say that she is a good girl?"

"I say that she is a very good girl. An angel could not have behaved better. I will tell you all some day, Lady Lufton, but I can hardly tell you now."

When the archdeacon was gone old Lady Lufton confided to Young Lady Lufton her very strong opinion that many months would not be gone before Grace Crawley would be the mistress of Cosby Lodge. "It will be a great promotion," said the old lady, with a toss of her head.

When Grace was interrogated afterward by Mrs. Roberts as to what had passed between her and the archdeacon she had very little to say as to the interview.

"No, he did not scold me," she replied to an inquiry from her friend.

"But he spoke about your engagement?" said Mrs. Roberts.

"There is no engagement," said Grace.

"But I suppose you acknowledged, my dear, that a future engagement is quite possible?"

"I told him, Mrs. Roberts," Grace answered, after hesitating for a moment, "that I would never marry his son as long as papa was suspected by any one in the world of being a thief. And I will keep my word."

But she said nothing to Mrs. Roberts of the pledge which the archdeacon had made to her.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.—THE CROSS-GRAINEDNESS OF MEN.

By the time that the archdeacon had reached Plumstead his enthusiasm had somewhat cooled itself, and the language which from time to time he prepared for conveying his impressions to his wife became less fervid as he approached his home. There was his pledge, and by that he would abide; and so much he would make both his wife and his son understand. But any idea which he might have entertained for a moment of extending the promise he had given and relaxing that given to him was gone before he saw his own chimneys. Indeed, I fear that he had by that time begun to feel that the only salvation now open to him must come from the jury's verdict. If the jury should declare Mr. Crawley to be guilty, then—; he would not say, even to himself, that in such case all would be right, but he did feel that, much as he might regret the fate of the poor Crawley, and of the girl whom in his warmth he had declared to be almost an angel, nevertheless to him personally such a verdict would bring consolatory comfort.

"I have seen Miss Crawley," he said to his wife, as soon as he had closed the door of his study, before he had been two minutes out of the chaise. He had determined that he would dash at the subject at once, and he thus carried his resolution into effect.

"You have seen Grace Crawley?"

"Yes; I went up to the parsonage and called upon her. Lady Lufton advised me to do so."

"And Henry?"

"Oh, Henry has gone. He was only there one night. I suppose he saw her, but I am not sure."

"Would not Miss Crawley tell you?"

"I forgot to ask her."

Mrs. Grantly, at hearing this, expressed her surprise by opening wide her eyes. He had gone all the way over to Framley on purpose to look after his son and learn what were his doings, and when there he had forgotten to ask the person who could have given him better information than any one else!

"But it does not signify," continued the archdeacon; "she has said enough to me to make that of no importance."

"And what did she say?"

"She said that she would never consent to marry Henry as long as there was any suspicion abroad as to her father's guilt."

"And you believe her promise?"

"Certainly I do; I do not doubt it in the least. I put implicit confidence in her. And I have promised her that, if her father is acquitted, I will withdraw my opposition."

"No!"

"But I have. And you would have done the same had you been there."

"I doubt that, my dear. I am not so impulsive as you are."

"You could not have helped yourself. You would have felt yourself obliged to be equally generous with her. She came up to me and she put her hand upon me—"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Grantly.

"But she did, my dear; and then she said, 'I promise you that I will not become your son's wife while people think that papa stole this money.' What else could I do?"

"And is she pretty?"

"Very pretty—very beautiful."

"And like a lady?"

"Quite a lady. There is no mistake about that."

"And she behaved well?"

"Admirably," said the archdeacon, who was in a measure compelled to justify the generosity into which he had been betrayed by his feelings.

"Then she is a paragon," said Mrs. Grantly.

"I don't know what you may call a paragon, my dear. I say that she is a lady, and that she is extremely good-looking, and that she behaved very well. I cannot say less in her favor. I am sure you would not say less yourself, if you had been present."

"She must be a wonderful young woman."

"I don't know anything about her being wonderful."

"She must be wonderful when she has succeeded both with the son and with the father."

"I wish you had been there instead of me," said the archdeacon, angrily.

Mrs. Grantly very probably wished so also, feeling that in that case a more serene mode of business would have been adopted. How keenly susceptible the archdeacon still was to the influences of feminine charms, no one knew better than Mrs. Grantly, and whenever she became aware that he had been in this way seduced from the wisdom of his cooler judgment she always felt something akin to indignation against the seducer. As for her husband, she probably told herself at such moments that he was an old goose.

"If you had been there, and Henry with you, you would have made a great deal worse job of it than I have done," said the archdeacon.

"I don't say you have made a bad job of it, my dear," said Mrs. Grantly. "But it's past eight, and you must be terribly in want of your dinner. Had you not better go up and dress?"

In the evening the plan of the future campaign was arranged between them. The archdeacon would not write to his son at all. In passing through Barchester he had abandoned his idea of dispatching a note from the hotel, feeling that such a note as would be required was not easily written in a hurry. Mrs. Grantly would now write to her son, telling him that circumstances had changed, that it would be altogether unnecessary for him to sell his furniture, and begging him to come over and see his father without a day's delay. She wrote her letter that night, and read to the archdeacon all that she had written—with the exception of the postscript:

"You may be quite sure that there will be no unpleasantness with your father."

That was the postscript which was not communicated to the archdeacon.

On the third day after that Henry Grantly did come over to Plumstead. His mother in her letter to him had not explained how it had come to pass that the sale of his furniture would be unnecessary. His father had given him to understand distinctly that his income would be withdrawn from him unless he would express his intention of giving up Miss Crawley; and it had been admitted among them all that Cosby Lodge must be abandoned if this were done. He certainly would not give up Grace Crawley. Sooner than that, he would give up every stick in his possession, and go and live in New Zealand if it were necessary. Not only had Grace's conduct to him made him thus firm, but the natural bent of his own disposition had tended that way also. His father had attempted to dictate to him, and sooner than submit to that he would sell the coat off his back. Had his father confined his opposition to advice, and had Miss Crawley been less firm in her view of her duty, the major might have been less firm also. But things had so gone that he was determined to be fixed as granite. If others would not be moved from their resolves, neither would he. Such being the state of his mind, he could not understand why he was thus summoned to Plumstead. He had already written over to Pau about his house, and it was well that he should, at any rate, see his mother before he started. He was illing, therefore, to go to Plumstead, but he took no steps as to the withdrawal of those auctioneer's bills to which the archdeacon so strongly objected. When he drove into the rectory yard his father was standing there before him.

"Henry," he said, "I am very glad to see you. I am very much obliged to you for coming."

Then Henry got out of his cart and shook hands with his father, and the archdeacon began to talk about the weather.

"Your mother has gone into Barchester to see your grandfather," said the archdeacon. "If you're not tired, we might as well take a walk. I want to go up as far as Flurry's cottage."

The major of course declared that he was not at all tired, and that he should be delighted of all things to go up and see old Flurry, and thus they started.

Young Grantly had not even been into the house before he left the yard with his father. Of course, he was thinking of the coming sale at Cosby Lodge, and of his future life at Pau, and of his injured position in the world. There would be no longer any occasion for him to be solicitous as to the Plumstead foxes. Of course these things were in his mind; but he could not begin to speak of them till his father did so.

"I'm afraid your grandfather is not very strong," said the archdeacon, shaking his head. "I fear he won't be with us very long."

"Is it so bad as that, sir?"

"Well, you know, he is an old man, Henry; and he was always somewhat old for his age. He will be eighty, if he lives two years longer. I think. But he'll never reach eighty; never. You must go and see him before you go back home; you must indeed."

The major, of course, promised that he would see his grandfather, and the archdeacon told his son how nearly the old man had fallen in the passage between the cathedral and the deanery. In this way they had nearly made their way up to

the gamekeeper's cottage without a word of reference to any subject that touched upon the matter of which each of them was of course thinking.

Whether the major intended to remain at home or to live at Pau, the subject of Mr. Harding's health was a natural topic for conversation between him and his father; but when his father stopped suddenly, and began to tell him how a fox had been trapped on Darvel's farm—"and of course it was a Plumstead fox: there can be no doubt that Flurry is right about that"—when the archdeacon spoke of this iniquity with much warmth, and told his son how he had at once written off to Mr. Thorne, of Ullathorne, and how Mr. Thorne had declared that he didn't believe a word of it, and how Flurry had produced the pad of the fox, with the marks of the trap on the skin, then the son began to feel that the ground was becoming very warm; and that he could not go on much longer without rushing into details about Grace Crawley.

"I've no more doubt that it was one of our foxes than that I stand here," said the archdeacon.

"It doesn't matter where the fox was bred; it shouldn't have been trapped," said the major.

"Of course not," said the archdeacon, indignant.

I wonder whether he would have been so keen had a Romanist priest come into his parish and turned one of his Protestants into a Papist?

Then Flurry came up, and produced the identical pad out of his pocket.

"I don't suppose it was intended," said the major, looking at the interesting relic with scrutinizing eyes. "I suppose it was caught in a rabbit-trap—eh, Flurry?"

"I don't see what right a man has with traps at all, when gentlemen is particular about their foxes," said Flurry. "Of course they'd call it rabbits."

"I never liked that man on Darvel's Farm," said the archdeacon.

"Nor I either," said Flurry. "No farmer ought to be on that land who don't have a horse of his own. And if I war Squire Thorne I wouldn't have no farmer there who didn't keep no horse. When a farmer has a horse of his own and follows the bounds, there ain't no rabbit-traps—never. How does that come about, Mr. Henry? Rabbits! I know very well what rabbits is!"

Mr. Henry shook his head and turned away, and the archdeacon followed him. There was an hypocrisy about this pretended care for the foxes which displeased the major. He could not, of course, tell his father that the foxes were no longer anything to him; but yet he must make it understood that such was his conviction. His mother had written to him to say that the sale of furniture need not take place. It might be all very well for his mother to say that, or for his father; but, after what had taken place, he could not consent to remain in England on any other understanding than that his income should be made permanent to him. Such permanence must not be any longer dependent on his father's caprice. In these days he had come to be somewhat in love with poverty and Pau, and had been feeding on the luxury of his grievance. There is, perhaps, nothing so pleasant as the preparation for self-sacrifice. To give up Cosby Lodge and the foxes on six or seven hundred a year, seemed just now to Major Grantly to be a fine thing, and he did not intend to abandon this fine thing without receiving a very clear reason for doing so.

"I can't quite understand Thorne," said the archdeacon; "he used to be so particular about the foxes, and I don't suppose a country gentleman will change his ideas because he has given up hunting himself."

"Mr. Thorne never thought much of Flurry," said Henry Grantly, with his mind intent upon Pau and his grievance.

"He might take my word, at any rate," said the archdeacon.

It was a known fact that the archdeacon's solicitude about the Plumstead covers was wholly on behalf of his son, the major. The major himself knew this thoroughly, and felt that his father's present special anxiety was intended as a corroboration of the tidings conveyed in his mother's letter. Every word so uttered was meant to have reference to his son's future residence in the country.

"Father," he said, turning round, shortly, and standing before the archdeacon, in the pathway,

"I think you are quite right about the covers. I feel sure that every gentleman who preserves a fox is an exceedingly fine thing, as long as

it is the rest injuries; and it is this unless wear and tear to which the brain of most men is subjected by the continual and rapid transition of a chaotic mass of ideas of all descriptions—vague, confused, like the broken images of a sick man's dream—which is the prime cause of the disease of great works, that vapid mediocrity and intellectual imbecility which prevail amongst us—the disease of rapid desultory reading, fatal, fell disease, fostered by a prose more cheap than conscientious.

"Why shouldn't you have a closer interest in it?" said the archdeacon.

"Because I shall be living abroad."

"You got your mother's letter?"

"Yes; I got my mother's letter."

"Did she not tell you that you can stay where you are?"

"Yes, she said so. But, to tell the truth, sir, I do not like the risk of living beyond my assured income."

"But if I justify it?"

"I do not wish to complain, sir; but you have made me understand that you can, and in certain circumstances you will, at a moment, withdraw what you give me. Since this was said to me, I have felt myself to be unsafe in such a house as Cosby Lodge."

The archdeacon did not know how to explain. He had intended that the real explanation should be given by Mrs. Grantly, and had been anxious to return to his old relations with his son without any exact terms on his own part. But his son was, as he thought, awkward, and would drive him to some speech that was unnecessary.

"You need not be unsafe there at all," he said, half angrily.

"I must be unsafe, if I am not sure of my income."

"Your income is not in any danger. But you had better speak to your mother about it. For myself, I think I may say that I have never yet behaved to any of you with harshness. A son should, at any rate, not be offended because a father thinks that he is entitled to some consideration for what he does."

"There are some points on which a son cannot give way even to his father, sir."



THE SEWING PARTY.—BY L'ANFANT DE METZ.

**THE SEWING PARTY.**

This charmingly domestic picture is from an original by L'Anfant de Metz, a Belgian painter, and is now in the private gallery of an amateur in this city. The conception of the scene, the varieties of character shown in the children's faces, the spirit of intense application which is common to them all, and the admirable fidelity with which the picture is finished, make it fit to grace any gallery in the world. The story is apparent: a party of young girls get together a sewing-party, and are all busily at work with their needles. From this simple incident, by his manner of treatment, by his fidelity to nature and artistic spirit, De Metz has made a picture which is as universally interesting as the children he has represented, and the task they are engaged in is attractive.

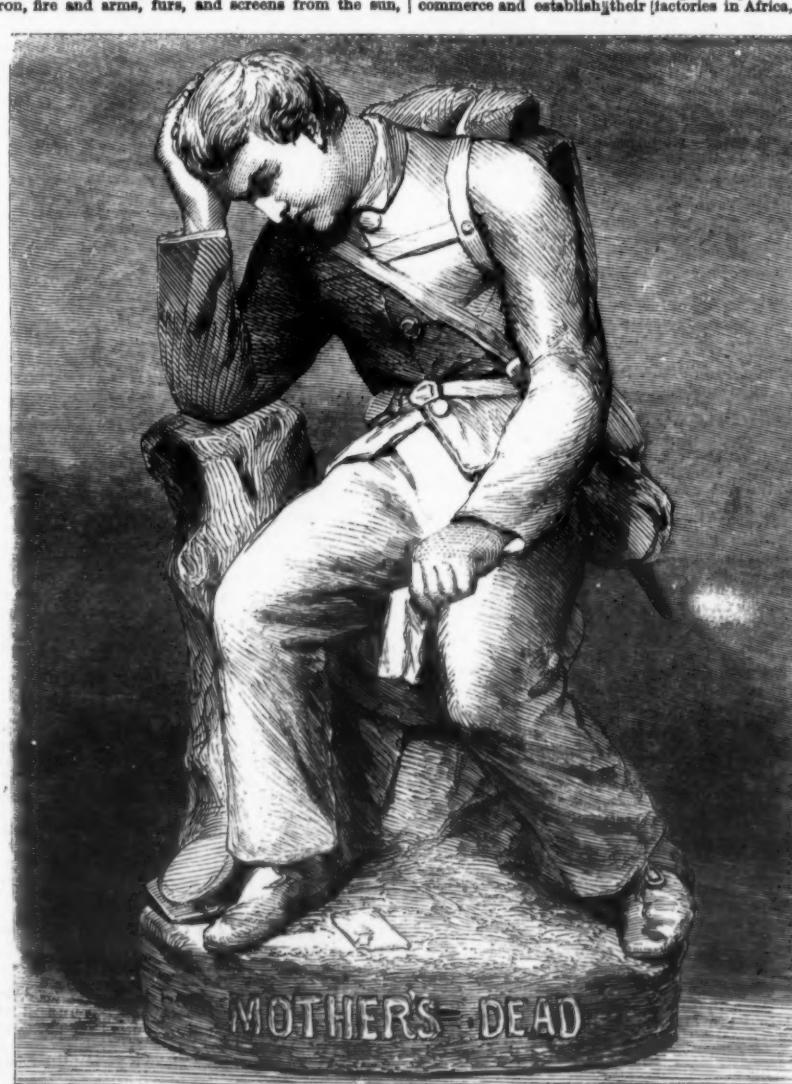
**MOTHER'S DEAD."**

The incident embodied in the statuette that forms the subject of our illustration occurred in Company C, One Hundred and Sixty-First N. Y. Volunteers, of which Mr. Slater, the artist, was an officer, and which was as follows: A young soldier, just returned to camp, after a weary march, received a letter containing the sad tidings of his mother's death. He was her only son, and she was a widow. In him were centred all her hopes, but the grief of parting and prolonged absence of her dear one had hastened her to the grave. In the figure have been portrayed the utter misery and prostration felt by the poor fellow, whose only exclamation on opening the letter was, "Mother's Dead!" This scene made an indelible impression on the designer, who has succeeded in telling the whole story in the utter desolation and grief of the single figure of the statuette. The figure represents a soldier, equipped for the march, seated on a stump, a crumpled letter in his hand, the envelope of which has fallen at his feet; his head is resting on his hand, and deep grief is depicted in his face. The statuette is a very meritorious one, and being the work of comparatively a novice in the art, gives promise of still further excellence. The original is on exhibition in the store of Messrs. Tiffany & Company.

**THE UBILITY OF MAN.**

CONCERNING the extension of the great human family over the whole habitable globe, let us inquire a little into the causes of a phenomenon which so remarkably distinguishes man from all animals—his power of existing and multiplying in every latitude and in every variety of situation and climate. Does it arise from physical endowments, from any peculiar capabilities of the human organization, from strength and flexibility of the animal machinery, or from the effects of human art and contrivance in affording protection from extremes of heat and cold, from winds and rains, from vapors and exhalations, and the other destructive influences of local situation? Is it, in short, the result of physical constitution or of reason? It appears that both these causes are concerned; that the original source of an attribute which so strikingly characterizes our species is to be sought in the properties of the human frame; and that this original power of the bodily fabric is assisted and fully developed by the mental prerogative of man.

In what way do the Greenlander, the Esquimaux and the Canadian employ remarkable talents or invention to protect themselves against the cold? They brave the winter with open breast and uncovered limbs, and



"MOTHER'S DEAD."—STATUETTE BY GEORGE SLATER.

devour their whales and seals, dressed, raw or putrid. The negro is healthy and strong under a vertical sun, with the soles of his bare feet on the burning sand. On the other hand, the fox, the beaver, the marmot and the hamster, seek the shelter of dwellings which they dig for themselves. In this comparison, in respect to protection from external influences, man enjoys no peculiar privilege. The mind, indeed, employs the excellent structure of the body, lifts man above the rest of the creation, accommodates him to all places, gives him iron, fire and arms, furs, and screens from the sun, etc.; but, with all, this could never make him what he now is, the inhabitant of all climates, if he did not possess the most enduring and flexible corporeal frame. The lower animals, in general, have no defense against the evils of a new climate but the force of nature. The arts of human ingenuity furnish a defense against the dangers that surround our species in every region. Accordingly, we see the same nation pass into all the climates of the earth, reside while winters near the pole, plant colonies beneath the equator, pursue their commerce and establish their factories in Africa, Asia

and America. They can equally live under a burning sky and on an ice-bound soil, and inhabit regions where the hardiest animal cannot exist.

**ECCENTRIC THEOLOGIANS.**

STRANGE and whimsical, indeed, are the freaks of eccentric theologians! We read, for instance, of a sermon published by a celebrated English divine, named Baxter, entitled "Hooke and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" of a titillating preparation described as a "Spiritual Snuff-box, to make Devout Souls Sneeze." Another divine furnishes a medico-theological appliance, in book form, called "A Spiritual Seringe for devotionally constipated Souls." The ingenious John Fry supplies "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon him by hostile Sectaries;" while about the same time the English public were awakened to repentance by "A Sigh of Sorrow, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an earthen Vessel, known among men as Samuel Fish!"

We may smile at the extravagance of the Italian theologian, Paoletti, who, in the seventeenth century, among other extraordinary works, published one in which he demonstrated to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his readers, that the aboriginal races of North America were the direct descendants of Satan by one of Noah's daughters, and that consequently it was impossible they could ever obtain grace or salvation; but we are moved to pity at the extravagant folly of Guillaume Postel, who, in the century preceding that in which Paoletti wrote, issued two large volumes, in which he strenuously maintained that the Christian dispensation applied only to men, and that the redemption of the female sex was destined to be effected through the instrumentality of an old Roman matron of his acquaintance, and of more than doubtful character. The inconceivable absurdity of Postel's doctrine should have sufficed, one would think, to render him unworthy of further notice than that to which he was entitled, as a lunatic, at the hands of the humane; yet it is reported in the theological histories of the period that his vagaries elicited the angry contradictions of a host of learned writers.

The ridiculous aspect is well represented in the person of the Frenchman, Geoffrey Vallee, the contemporary of Postel, who possessed a shirt for every day in the year (including, of course, an additional garment for leap year), which he was in the habit of sending all the way from Paris to Flanders, to be washed in a stream in that country, remarkable for the limpidity of its waters. Having promulgated certain views inconsistent with the dogmas of the Sorbonne, his eccentricities did not save him from the punishment which offenses against religion then entailed, and the unfortunate Vallee was burned in Paris, with his books, in the year 1574.

The extravagance of Postel was equalled, if not surpassed, by another and contemporary theologian, an enthusiastic Frenchman named Parizot, whose flagrant impiety contributed largely to cover the materialists of his time with ridicule. The elements of the Trinity, according to Parizot, were reducible to the three natural substances of salt, mercury, and sulphur: salt, as a generating agent, representing the First Person; and mercury, by its extreme fluidity, corresponding to the all-pervading influence of the Second; the attributes of the Third Person being represented by the property which sulphur possesses of uniting salt and mercury. Fortunately for the sake of religion and morality, the progress of Parizot as a teacher was cut short, for his books—notwithstanding that he had presumptuously dedicated them, first to the Supreme Being, and in the next place to the French Sovereign—were deservedly condemned, and publicly burned.

## HOME INCIDENTS.

## An Enraged Ox on the Rampage.

An intense excitement was created in the southern section of St. Louis a few days since, by a steer running off from a drove, which was being driven to the shambles. The enraged animal dashed through several streets, knocking down and injuring several persons in his progress. A mute boy was tossed by the animal and badly bruised, and Mrs. Tully, aged forty, who resides at Sixteenth and Federal streets, was badly injured about the head. At another point, the driver of a team attached to a car saw the animal dashing up the street, and went to the protection of his horses. As the animal reached the lead horse the driver struck at him with his whip, and was gored under the left arm, inflicting a severe wound. A number of persons threw coal at the steer from the cars, but this only tended to make him more furious, and he dashed along until he reached Broad street, above Catharine, where a member of the Harmony Fire Company shot it, and it fell dead in the street. Mrs. Tully was then placed in the ambulance of the company and taken to the hospital, and the driver of the car-team had his wound dressed and went home in a passenger-car. It is a



AN ENRAGED OX ON THE RAMPAGE.

great cruelty to drive cattle through the streets in the hot sun when they are suffering for the want of water, and the great wonder is that more accidents do not happen similar to the above.

## A Singular Explosion.

A most singular explosion occurred at Virginia City on the 20th of July. One of the clerks at the Post-office was engaged in canceling the stamps on the various letters about to be sent away, and while striking upon one of them an explosion took place, which very much astonished him. The report was as loud as that of a pistol. The end of the letter was blown open, and the clerk had his coat and whiskers badly singed. Fire was thrown over the room in all directions, and two or three letters that were lying near the one that blew up were set on fire. It is thought that the letter contained a long string of percussion caps upon tape, such as are used upon carbines and some of the self-capping rifles, as a string resembling such a tape was blown out upon the table and burned there. The explosion filled the room with smoke and the inmates with terror.

## A Young Hero.

Some four or five weeks ago, one of the grading parties in advance of the Pacific Railroad had with them a young man of about eighteen years, named George Wait. His business was to break the prairie ground with a plow, for the graders along the line. One morning, as he was out about two and a half miles from the camp,



A YOUNG HERO.

six-shooters, and the assaulting party was getting smaller very rapidly; the dead Indians being carried away by the survivors according to Indian custom. Soon he heard the shout of approaching comrades, and the Indians made a final dash to kill the brave boy, who, maimed already with a bullet in his leg, still stuck to his mule. One young warrior came up until the muzzle of his pistol nearly touched that of the boy, and both fired—the Indian falling from his horse with a mortal wound, while the hero of the fight only got a revolver ball in his side. In a few moments more the rescuing party came up, consisting of half a dozen negro soldiers and some railroad employees, when the Indians suddenly retreated. Wait still had strength to dismount and take the pistols and scalp-lock of the "last of the Cheyennes," which last he now bears as a trophy of his fight.

## Fearful Encounter with a Grizzly Bear.

Recently, as a young man named Vance, who lives at Bear Creek, in Nevada, was going up to his cabin, his passage was disputed by an enormous grizzly bear. He fired and the bear fell. Not being well acquainted with the nature of bears, the young man advanced for the purpose of dispatching him. The old grizzly quietly awaited his approach, and as soon as he came within reach rose on his hind legs and knocked the gun out of his hands before he could fire. The bear immediately gave another blow and tore open the flesh

over Vance's right eye, cutting two severe gashes and tearing the flesh from the bone. One nail of the bear at the same time caught the nasal bone at the root and tore a portion of it away, and passing along tore out the left eye. The bear then commenced hugging, at the same time chewing and lacerating him in a fearful manner. He dislocated his wrists, broke his fore-arm, and tore the flesh from both hands. He also bit his left knee severely, and cut a frightful gash across the fleshy portion of the limb above, bit through the fleshy part below the knee, and tore both limbs from the knees down to the ankle, and then laid down on the young man. After both remaining quiet for some time the bear moved off, and Vance ventured to get up and make his escape. A young boy discovered the bear and succeeded in killing him at the first fire. He then followed up his tracks and discovered Vance faint and exhausted. The young man is expected to live, but will be seriously injured for life.

## A Rattlesnake at Large.

One of the rattlesnakes in a menagerie got loose at Rochester, N. Y., lately, fortunately while the exhibition was closed. A panic seized the men, and, with the greatest difficulty, an elderly man, named Frank Godfrey, prevailed on some of them to remain within the enclosure and endeavor to recapture the fearful reptile. Arming themselves with shovels, forks, scrapers, brooms, etc., the keepers, under the direction of God-

frey, proceeded toward the snake. The reptile, during these preparations, remained perfectly quiet, but on the approach of the keepers—which was heralded by a large sack being attempted to be thrown over him—the reptile leisurely proceeded up the centre of the enclosure, hissing fearfully all the time. It did not appear to notice any of the occupants of the numerous cages and dens until it came to the caravan containing the bonassus, a species of buffalo—an immense animal weighing upward of two tons. On arriving opposite the caravan, the rattlesnake paused for a moment, and then made a spring, fastened on the bonassus, and bit it in the left nostril. The reptile then let go its grip and shaking its rattle, glided through an opening between two of the caravans, where some grooms were filling a cart with straw. To this cart was attached one of the finest horses belonging to the extensive stud. The rattlesnake fastened on the off-fetlock of the horse, which immediately reared and plunged to such an extent as to shake the reptile off, and before it could move away it was crushed to pieces beneath the hoofs of the horse. In a few minutes after the horse had received the bite from the loathsome reptile, its whole frame quivered, its eyes nearly burst from their sockets, and its moans were piteous to hear. Two veterinary sur-



A RATTLESNAKE AT LARGE.

geons were brought, but their services were of no avail, for in a few minutes the horse died in frightful agony. Meanwhile, the bonassus was in such an infuriated condition that the doors of his den had to be put up and securely bolted; in a few seconds a heavy fall was heard in the caravan, and on the doors being opened, the noble beast was expiring, and shortly afterward died.

## Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.

A correspondent in Ithaca, New York, sends us the following, as having occurred under his own observation: A gentleman of property had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and, altogether, a fine, intelligent animal. Though often let out to range about, he was in general chained up during the day in a wooden house constructed for his comfort and shelter. On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master; and when the servant, as usual, came to tie him up, he clung to his master's feet, showed much anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so peculiar in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he staid with him, and on going toward his bedroom the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room, took refuge under the bed, from whence neither blows nor caresses could draw him. In the middle of the night a man burst into the room, dagger in hand, and attempted to stab the sleeping



A SINGULAR EXPLOSION.

twenty-one miles beyond Ellsworth, mounted on a mule, he discovered a party of about thirty Indians dash out of the timber, on the Smoky Hill, and make toward him and another man, who was on foot, about a quarter of a mile nearer camp than he was. He started to go toward camp, but the Indians, discovering his intention, by the superior fleetness of their ponies, cut him off. Young Wait now saw them divide into two parties—one party going toward his comrade, and the other toward him. He attempted to make the timber on the Smoky Hill, but the Indians were too rapid in their movements for him. He had two navy revolvers, and resolved that the red-skins should pay for his scalp if they got it, and at a fair price, too. Soon they came near, circling around him with savage yells, and began shooting at him. The Indians seemed to be well armed with pistols and lances, very few having bows and arrows. Wait returned the fire, and he says that several times they came so near that the lances nearly touched him. Indian after Indian fell before the unerring aim of Wait's



ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BY R.



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance, and secured the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterward confessed that, seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob him, and they plotted the whole thing leaning over the roof of the dog's house.

## A CHAPTER ON SNEEZING.

SNEEZING may be properly defined as a spasm due to an irritation applied either directly or indirectly to that portion of the Schneiderian membrane which is the expanded distribution of the olfactory nerve, the seat of the special sense of smell. The complex phenomena of "reflex action" are also involved in the act. The irritation may be caused directly, as by snuff, and so forth; or indirectly, as by the sudden impression of

light upon the retina, or by the well-known effect of a sun chill.

A person will, generally speaking, sneeze more in the summer than in the winter, on account of the glare of the sun, and a more palvized condition of the road. Not a few suffer from the very unpleasant affection called "hay-fever," which is characterized by a troublesome itching of the eyes and great irritation of the membrane lining the nasal passages, producing constant sneezing and a general constitutional disturbance.

The ancients attributed various properties to the act of sneezing, amongst which may be especially mentioned that of stopping hiccups. There is rather an amusing passage in the Symposium of Plato on this subject. It appears that Pausanias, one of the party, had done speaking, and that it was Aristophanes' turn next to address them; but unfortunately this latter individual was seized with a bad fit of hiccups—probably brought on from eating too much dinner—and he was unable to talk; whereupon he turns to Eryximachus, a physician, who sat just below him, and addressed him:

"Eryximachus, you ought either to stop my hiccups or else to speak in my turn, until I can cure them."

To which Eryximachus replied:

"I will do both; I will speak in your turn, and when your hiccups have ceased you shall speak in mine; but while I am speaking if, by holding your breath for a long period your hiccups cease, all right; if not, gargle your throat with water; if they are very violent, take something of this kind with you which can tickle your nostril and sneeze; if you repeat this once or twice the hiccups will cease, be they ever so violent."

Aristo has applied the remedy, which he says he found a perfect cure.

Every one is acquainted with the custom of saluting a person who has sneezed with the expression, "God bless you!" It is very interesting to trace, as we often can do, existing customs up to very remote periods; and it is certain that the custom of blessing persons when they sneeze is of great antiquity, and that sneezing has been pretty generally considered ominous amongst nations. As early as the time of Homer sneezing was regarded in this light; accordingly we find that after a speech of Penelope in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey, Telemachus "sneezed aloud," which was considered a happy omen. Eustathius on this passage observes that sneezing to the left was unlucky, but lucky to the right. Aristote asks many questions about sneezing; amongst others why sneezings from midnight to midday are considered to be unattended with a good omen, but those which take place from midday to midnight are considered to be attended with a good omen? While Xenophon was uttering an important speech to his soldiers, somebody sneezed, wh upon this was considered a good omen from Jupiter the preserver, and all sacrificed to the god. Plutarch tells us that when Themistocles sacrificed in his galley before a certain battle, and one of the assistants upon the right hand sneezed, Euphrantides, the soothsayer, preaged the victory of the Greeks and the overthrow of the Persians.

Various amusing accounts have been given by travelers of this custom of saluting sneezers in different parts of the world. Whenever the King of Monomotapa (Bafala) sneezed, it was known to thousands of his subjects.

"Those who are near his person," says Diderot, in his "Curiosities of Literature," "when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the ante-chamber hear of it, and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street, and becomes propagated throughout the city, so that at each sneeze of his majesty results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals."

The Siamese are said to have a custom of saluting persons who sneeze, and wishing them a long life. For they believe that one of the judges of hell keeps a register wherein the duration of men's lives is written, and that, when he opens his register and looks upon any particular leaf, all those whose names happened to be entered on such leaf never fail to sneeze immediately. What animals besides man are subject to this little annoyance? Dogs and cats certainly, and probably others of the canine or feline tribes. Is the lining of the membrane of the elephant's proboscis sensitive to irritating particles, so as to induce a fit of sneezing in this mighty pachyderm? Speaking of dogs, I am reminded of what Horapolo tells us, viz., that when the ancient Egyptians would denote the spleen, or smelling, or laughter, or sneezing, they depict a dog, "because the thoroughly splenetic are neither able to smell, nor laugh, nor sneeze;" a piece of Egyptian logic which only those who have been initiated in the "hidden wisdom" of the hieroglyphics are able to appreciate.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD's recent order requiring that all horses or mules belonging to the United States in the hands of private citizens in Virginia, lent them by the Government, taken up as estrayed, or otherwise acquired, must be at once returned through the nearest officer of the army or of the Freedman's Bureau, elicited from a Virginian bard the following effusion:

Heal all ye Rebels and boys in Gray!  
Have you a horse marked U. S. A.,  
Or even a mule worth his hay—  
So runs the order—  
Just fork him over without a neig,  
Or quit the border.

If there's a single doubt you find,  
Whether the beast be halt or blind,  
Or owns a hollow tooth to grind  
His corn or gruel,  
The Bureau soon will case your mind.  
Or seize your mu-el.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID.—Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greater superiority, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls—beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, or get in love, if the object is a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching, in its devotion, to the celestial? No; fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or a "husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament; without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love or not at all. Be "an old maid;" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and, though the witness may sneer and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life. For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy; they ought to be taxed nine-tenths of all they are worth to support women and children,

CURIOUS EPISTAPH.—The following singular epitaph is copied from a tombstone in Chard church-yard:

Beneath the verdure of this earthen chest  
Are laid the garments of a soul undrest;  
Here 'tis decreed that they awhile must lie,  
Till Time shall end, and Death itself shall die;  
Then will the Saviour model them afresh,  
And change this tattered raiment of the flesh  
Like His own, for that's a heavenly mode,  
For to enrobe a favorite of God.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

It often happens when the husband fails to be at home to dinner, that it is one of his fast days.

A BREMEN journal contains the following advertisement:

"A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dislodge him from the step."

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke them till the right way for many years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

LAST summer, while the people of Chicago were agitated by fears of the cholera, a gentleman of that city was having his hair dressed by an English barber, who remarked, as he was vigorously removing the dandruff from his customer's scalp:

"They say, sir, that the cholera is in the hair."

The gentleman sprang up in great consternation, from fear of contagion in the brush.

"Oh, sir," said the barber, "I doesn't mean, sir, the air of the 'ead, but the hair of the hat-mosphere."

A LAD on delivering his milk one morning, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," said he with much simplicity, "unless Mr. — put in warm water instead of cold to make the old cream mix."

A GOOD WAR HORSE.—At a club-dinner with a party of Nantucket people not long ago, one of the guests remarked that the Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility and marvelous slowness. He said that a citizen sold one to a cavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterward in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucket.

"Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him; and yet you warranted him as a good war-horse."

"Yes, I did, and by George, he is a good war-horse; he'd sooner die than run!"

MANY years since, in California, old Judge C— kept a little dead fall as they called a rum mill out there, a few miles above Marysville, and made frequent trips to San Francisco, to deposit his "hard-earned" savings, and lay in a fresh stock. One night he sat up late, imbibed much, and assisted at a little game of "draw." An hour after going to bed he awoke, to his horror, saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of the bed. Judge dodged back; robber dodged back; judge peeped; robber peeped. Judge put hand under pillow, drew out "Navy," and fired—through a looking-glass! The trade price of which was an even \$25. The robber did not again appear; the judge did not treat—perhaps.

A WRITER in a San Francisco paper says: "The trailing-dresses worn on the streets by many of our dames are a nuisance. I say this emphatically. I encountered one the other day. In endeavoring to pass a gorgeous-looking creature, on a crowded pavement, I put my foot on the trail, and 'rip' went the waist. The inspiration started out all over me, at the thought that I was the cause of such a catastrophe to so beautiful and respectable a lady—I knew she was a lady: I could tell that by what she said to me. Confused and abashed, I stood trying to frame an apology for the sad mishap, when she gave me a withering look, and hissed between her teeth, 'Git!' I bolted."

THE following is a copy of a placard affixed to the breast of a figure in a suit of gray pantaloons, exhibited at the Paris Exposition:

"ANTOINE GIGLIA,  
Marchand Tailleur, a Vercelli.

"Drees of fancy (*tout de même*) with portofoglio and port-money assured in such a manner not to be lost nor robbed without the possessor also deeply sleepy can be perceived of it. The waistcoat contains secret pockets for papers."

A SCHOOL-BOY being asked by his teacher "Of what is the German Diet constituted?" replied "Sour kroat, schnips, lager-beer and nix cum rose." The lad must have been cousin-german to the boy who, when shown a picture of "Luther and the Diet of Worms," said, "Papa, I see Luther; but where are the worms?"

A HYMN sung by an old negro woman runs thus:

"I hears a rumblin' in de skies,  
Jews, screws, de fi dum;  
I hears a rumblin' in de skies,  
Jews, screws, de fi dum."

An inquiry elicited the fact that the second and fourth lines, which formed a sort of chorus, originally read, "Jews crucified H'm!"

A LAUNDRESS, who was employed in the family of a distinguished United States Senator, said to him, with a sigh:

"Only think, sir, how little money would make me happy!"

"How little, madam?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness; and before the old gentleman went out of hearing, exclaimed:

"I wish I had said two hundred!"

THE ESQUIMAUX.—Interesting as these people are, and abundant as the means of supporting life—for their unfished rivers are thick with salmon, their untraversed plains are roamed by herds of reindeer and bears, and their west-side is frequented by seals and walrus, while the deeper seas invite their enterprise by the promise of unlimited whale blubber and bone—yet their doom seems sealed, and their extinction looms in view at no great distance. Even now the tribes are greatly dwindled down from what they have been: the sides of estuaries, the shores of islands, and the mainland being spotted with traces of forsaken villages and wasted populations. Tribes have diminished to single families, and families have fallen off to sole representatives of their household. The climate has grown more severe—the earth is colder in those regions than once it was, as is abundantly proved by its remains of forestwood, where now no trees will grow, and fossil remains of other kinds that bespeak a warmer temperature in earlier times. The vices of the people may contribute in part to their gradual decline in numbers; but it must not be forgotten that the climate is trying to infant life. The race, moreover, is not prolific, one or two being the usual number of children borne by Esquimaux mothers. In process of time, if climatic refrigeration proceeds at the same rate as now, the Arctic circle will be as desolate as the Antarctic—silent as the grave and without inhabitants.

THE name of London is possibly derived from its having been originally the chief fort or stronghold on the Thames, Linn-dun (Celtic), the fort of the river. In Cymbric, it was and is still called Dinas Bala, the town at the head of the river; in the same dialect another of its names is Caer-ludd, the town of the army. It was known to the Romans by the title of Augusta, which disappeared in Britain even in the time of Antoninus, at which it had resumed its original Celtic title. The word Thames, in Latin Tamesis, is derived from the Celtic tam, spreading, and is, water. That of Britain from bridle (pr. bridle), a colony, and tain, a country. The name given it by its first colonizers from Gaul. The three chief settlements of the Romans north of the Thames at this time, were Camulodunum, Verulanium, and a third, whose name is lost, i. Malton. Near Camulodunum (Colchester), was the Roman camp which protected the colony—at Lexdon, a corruption of Legionis Dunum. Colchester is a mixture of the words Colonias and Castro; it was the camp of the colony.

### MAD PHILOSOPHERS.

A singular instance of mad philosophy is furnished in the life of the late Thomas Wrigman, a well-known London character about thirty years ago. Wrigman amassed a fortune of £50,000, as a goldsmith, which he squandered as a regenerating philosopher. Determined that his publications should attract attention, if not for their contents at least for their appearance, he had paper specially made for the books, the same sheet consisting of several different colors. The production of one small volume, "The Devarication of the New Testament," involved the enormous expenditure of £3,000. But although devoted to the dissemination of his principles, the adoption of which he observes, could alone secure the throne of these realms to the reigning dynasty, he, with strange inconsistency, restricted the circulation of his volumes—one of which was a grammar of the five senses, a metaphysical treatise for the use of children—to the number of twenty copies. Another illustration, hardly less deplorable, is presented in the case of a certain John Stewart, who died in London in the year 1822, after having nearly accomplished the circuit of the globe in the endeavor to discover the "polarization of moral truth." The result of his researches appeared, from time to time, in the shape of several volumes; and as he apprehended that the kings of the earth would form a league for the purpose of destroying the books, begged of his friends that they would carefully wrap up some copies so as to preserve them from moisture, and bury them seven feet under ground, taking care on their deathbeds to declare, under the seal of secrecy, the places where the treasures had been deposited!

We love those who admire us more than those whom we admire.

SIX P's.—Poets—Painters—Preachers—Players—Printers and Politicians, all suffer from Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaints, and all diseases which they may cure or prevent by the use of Plantation Bitters. If those sufferers took these Bitters, the Poetry would be purer, the Paintings grander, the Hermons livelier, the Acting truer, the Printing neater, and the Politics honester. This splendid tonic invigorates the system, and enables the brain to work healthily.

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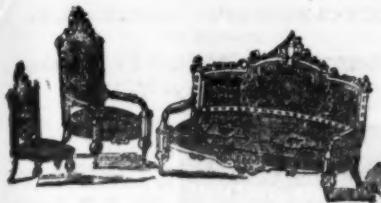
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